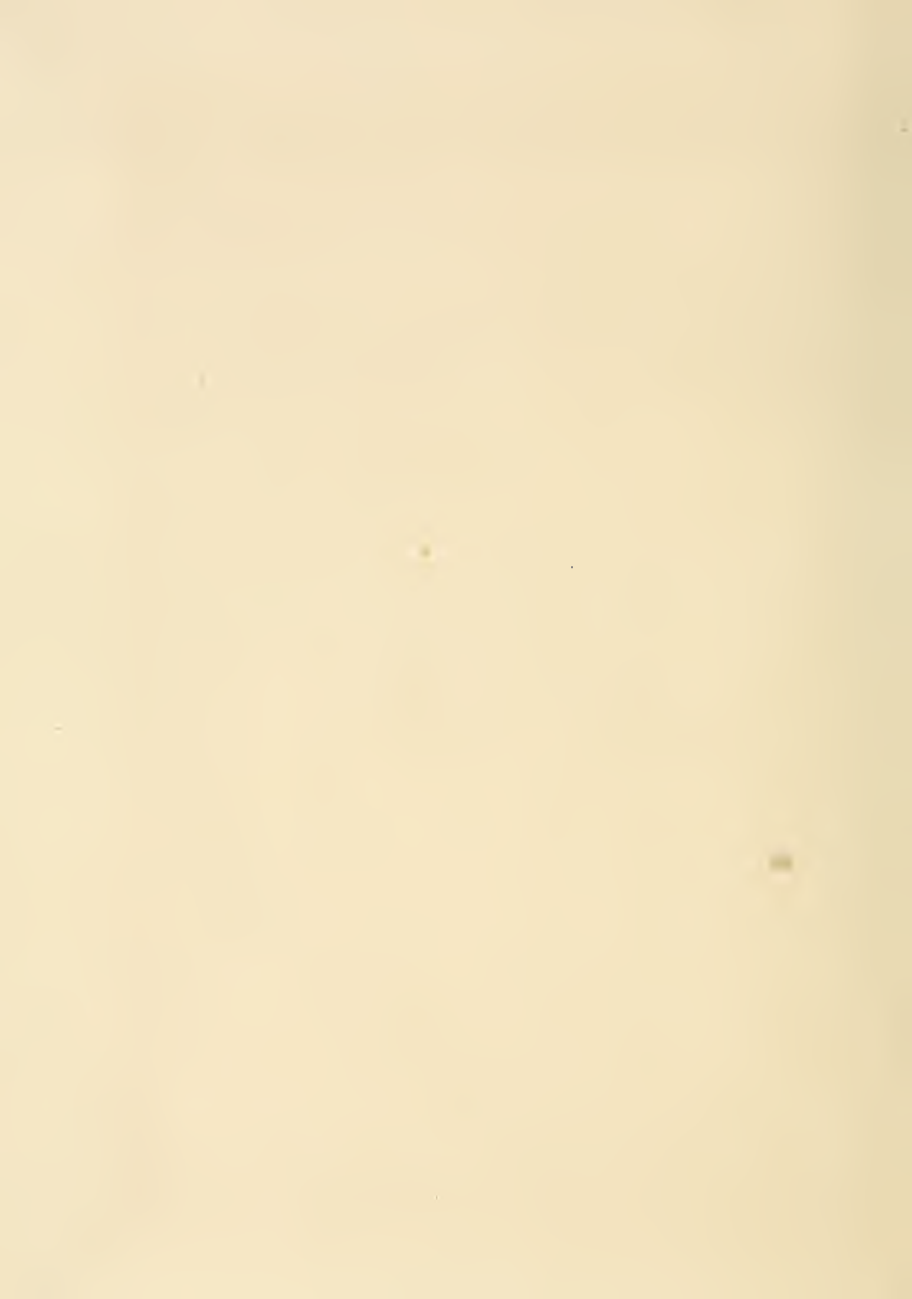


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PINDAR IN ENGLISH RHYME.



PINDAR IN ENGLISH RHYME;

BEING AN ATTEMPT TO RENDER THE

EPINIKIAN ODES,

WITH THE PRINCIPAL REMAINING FRAGMENTS, OF

PINDAR,

INTO ENGLISH RHYMED VERSE,

BY

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HENRY S. KING & Co., LONDON

1875.

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OLYMPIAN ODES.

1. To Hiero of Syracuse.

WATER is best ; and gold, as blazing fire
 Gleams far across the night,
All pride-begetting wealth beside
 Excels in might.
But if, my own sweet soul, thou hast desire
 The games to hymn,
 'Mid all the pride
Of heaven, throughout the desert air
Seek not to spy a star that may compare
With warming Sun himself, whom daylight cannot dim.
 Nor shalt thou know
 To celebrate in song
A fairer strife than that Olympia shows ;
 Whence, chanted to and fro,
Through poets' skill the famous anthem flows
In praise of Kronos' son, from those who throng
To crowd the gladsome hearth of wealthy Hiero :

Who culling every virtue's topmost flower
 A righteous sceptre wields
 O'er Sicily's rich apple-yards
 And harvest-fields,
 Yet loves with music's gems in leisure hour
 His heart to cheer ;
 When tuneful bards,
 Assembled round his friendly board,
 Upraise a merry strain with one accord.
 Then from its solemn peg release, and bring me here
 The Doric lyre,
 If aught in Pisa's fame,
 Or Pherenikus' splendid victory,
 Had potency to inspire
 The mind with sweetest thought, when easily
 By dark Alpheius conquering he came
 Unspurred, that great renown his master might acquire,<

The charger-loving king of Syracuse.
 His glory glows
 Through all the thickly-peopled colony
 Of Lydian Pelops, whom there chanced to choose
 Strong earth-encompassing Poseidon's love :
 When safe the caldron pure above,

One shining shoulder shaped of ivory,

In Klotho's arms he rose.

For many wondrous haps have been ;

And oft a cozening tale

With dainty falsehoods tricked, I ween,

Man's loud assent to win is seen,

And sober truth to fail.

And Grace, for man who fashions all things fair

And every pleasure gives,

Not seldom that the false may seem

The true contrives,

Conferring credence ; wiser witness bear

The after days ;

And meet, I deem,

It is in sooth that mortal man

Should say about the gods what good he can ;

So shall his blame be less, and greater so his praise.

Illustrious seed

Of Tantalus, there shall

A counter-story now by me be told ;

How when thy sire decreed

On Sipylus the stately feast to hold,

And bade th' immortals grace his festival,

Then far on high in car of gold with golden steed

The monarch who the gleaming trident sways,

Subdued by mad desire,

Upbore thee towards the blest abode,

Where dwells the Sire

Of gods, far honoured ; where in later days

Young Ganymede

Triumphant rode

To pleasure Zeus : and when they sought

And found thee not, nor home the truant brought,

To vex thy mother's ear a melancholy rede

In whispers dim

Her neighbours, jealous fools,

Related ; how when freely flowed the wine,

As o'er the flesh-pot's brim

The boiling water seethed, the guests divine

Threw in thy mangled form, and then, like ghouls,

Distributing devoured thee, severed limb from limb.

I cannot gods immortal gluttons deem.

Avaunt the thought !

For loss is aye the scandal-monger's gain.

But if Olympus' lords with high esteem

E'er honoured mortal man, then Tantalus
 Was he : but, o'er-elated thus,
 He could not brook such bliss, nor could restrain
 O'erweening pride that wrought
 His bane. His insolence to pall
 His father o'er his head
 A mighty boulder hung, whose fall
 He ever seeks to fend, and all
 His merriment is fled.

And now a dreary, helpless life he leads
 Of never-ending grief,
 With comrades three the fourth sad soul
 Because, a thief,
 Th' ambrosia which undying beings feeds,
 The nectar which
 They drink, he stole
 And gave to fellow-quaffers food
 Which had himself with deathlessness endured. .
 If man have hope that crime of his can 'scape the reach
 Of God on high,
 He errs. His son therefore
 The deathless from their presence drove again
 As in the days gone-by

To mingle with the short-lived race of men. /
 There soon as on his blackened chin he wore
 A goodly growth of beard, and dreams of marriage-tie

Within him stirred his heart, he studied from
 Her Pisan father's side
 Hippodameia fair of fame
 To win for bride.
 So to the margin of the gray sea-foam
 At deep of night
 Alone he came,
 And hailed the thund'rous Trident-king—
 Who hearing to his feet sped hurrying—
 And spake: "Poseidon, if the thought of love's delight
 In former days
 Some little grace obtain,
 Oinomaüs' brazen javelin paralyse;
 On swiftest car convey
 Myself to Elis; bid my might arise;
 For suitors three and ten are with the slain,
 And still his daughter's wedding rites her sire would stay.

High deeds of peril cowards cannot charm;
 But since we all

Must die, why should man nurse inglorious age,
 In darkness sitting filled with vain alarm
 Without a share in all that renders life

A pleasure? In the coming strife,—
 Do thou give happy issue,—I engage.”

He ceased. Nor did he call
 With words of no avail. His kind
 Intent the god to prove
 Produced a chariot golden-lined,
 And tireless horses swift as wind
 With wings to aid above.

And thus he beat Oinomaüs in the race ;

And thus the maid he won ;

And children six she bore her lord,

And each a son,

A chieftain each endowed with every grace :

And now beside

Alpheius' ford

In pilgrim-haunted grave he lies,

Where blood-libations crown his obsequies

Hard by the stranger-crowded altar. Far and wide

The honour shines

In Pelops' circus got

At green Olympia, where for rivalry
 Each festival combines
 The swift of foot with those whose labours lie
 In feats of strength; and he to whose glad lot
 The wreath has fallen may live in peace and pleasant lines.

To-day's success is deemed his highest bliss
 By mortal man alway:
 And with Aiolia's knightly song
 'Tis mine to-day
 To crown the victor whose this triumph is.
 And sure am I
 Not one among
 The sons of men is living at this hour
 Of fairer knowledge or of kinglier power
 For bard with music's ceaseless change to glorify.
 The deity
 Who o'er the games presides,
 And makes their guardianship his special care,
 Has special care of thee,
 King Hiero, and all the daily wear
 Of thy pursuits : and if his love abides
 A little while, I hope in sweeter minstrelsy

My pathway strewing with assistant words,
Nigh Kronos' height
Sunlit, to laud thee for the four-horse race.
For me the Muse within her quiver hoards
A mightier arrow. Others other ways
Excel ; but aye the crown of praise
Is borne away by kings as first in place.
No further strain thy sight.
Long be it thine the steeps to tread
Of honours won in peace ;
While thy reflected glories shed
Distinction on thy poet's head
Through all the realms of Greece !

2. To Theron of Akragas.

SAY, sovereign of the lyre,
 Sweet Spirit of song,
 What god, what man, what hero shall we sing
 With loud acclaim?
 In Pisa Zeus is king.
 And fair Olympia's games by Herakles,
 The first-fruits of his war,
 Were stablish'd. Theron too in victor car,
 By four fleet horses borne along,
 Demands applause, who ne'er did stranger wrong,
 The prop in whose support his Akragas has ease,
 The prime restorer of the glorious name
 Of many a noble sire.

Who after years of woe
 And weariness
 Set up their homes and gods yon stream anigh.

And there became
 Sikelia's very eye ;
 When wealth and favour native worth pursued
 In Fate's unswerving hand.
 O Kronian son of Rhea, whose command
 The prize of emulations stress,
 Olympus' seat, Alpheiuss' passages
 Obey, by these our hymns be softened, look for good
 On him and his, and let their lands the same
 To children's children go

For ever. What is past and gone,
 For right or wrong.

Not even Time, the matchless one,
 The sire of all, can make undone ;

But yet there still may be,
 With dawning of a brighter lot,
 A calm forgetfulness of what
 Was ill ere long.

And e'en inveterate misery
 Will faint and die beneath the might
 Of sweet delight ;

When on the whirling wheel
 Of heavenly fate

Good luck comes uppermost. With this agree
 The stories told
 Of Kadmus' progeny,
 Who suffered evils great, till greater bliss
 Drove all their griefs away.
 For 'mongst Olympus' denizens to-day
 Lives long-haired Semele in state
 Whom loud-tongued levin slew, but not in hate :
 Beloved of Pallas, more beloved of Zeus she is ;
 And Dionyse his ivy-branch in hold
 Is full of loving zeal.

 Fair-thronèd Ino too,
 The legends say,
 With Nereus' ocean-maidens in the sea
 Immortal dwells
 For all eternity.

To dying men it is not given to know
 The issues after death :
 Nor know we surely whilst on earth beneath
 If ever 'twill be ours a day
 Of quietude to close, whose sun-born ray
 Unflagging pleasure cheers. This way the currents flow
 And that, and now the tide of joyance swells,

And now the tide of woe.

And thus it happed that Destiny,

Who wont to nurse

The fortunes of this family

With heaven-conferred prosperity,

In later times began

To blend an aye-recurring bane,

Since Laïus met his son again,

Who bore the curse

And killed his sire, and thus the ban

Fulfilled, pronounced by lips divine

From Pytho's shrine.

Keen-eyed Erinnys saw

With eagle sight,

And with reciprocating homicide

His race destroyed.

When Polyneikes died

Thersander only lived to gain renown,

In boyish feats of strength

A conqueror at first, and then at length

On fields where warriors lose and win

A helpful scion for Adrastus' kin.

Ainesidemus' son, thus ancestor'd, to crown
 'Tis fit the best of lyres should be employed
 And praises free of flaw.

Himself alone he gained
 Olympia's prize :
 But on the Pythian and the Isthmian field,
 Where round the course
 A dozen times are wheeled
 The four-horsed cars, the Graces who dispense
 Their even favours gave
 The wreaths to his twin brother, which to have
 Th' aspirant's load of care unties.
 The wealth that virtue's garment beautifies,
 Will opportunity provide and competence
 For this and that, by nature's deep-set force
 Of heedfulness sustained ;

A star of far refulgent rays
 And trusty beam,
 So the possessor rule his ways,
 As conscious of the coming days ;
 How lawless souls that sin
 At once are punished dying here :

For crimes that stain this earthly sphere,
 Where Zeus supreme
 Is sovereign, judged the earth within
 Ey one whose sentence is decreed
 Of ruthless Need.

For aye, alike in gloom
 And broad day-light,
 Having a sun, a life of lesser toil.
 The good behold :
 Who worry not the soil
 With tireless strength of hand, nor vex the sea
 For empty livelihood.
 But with the gods with awful honours dued
 They who while living took delight
 In every solemn vow performed aright,
 Abide, a tearless race for all eternity.
 While others suffer, sinners over-bold,
 A sight-surpassing doom.

And those who have the strength
 The ordeal thrice
 In either world to bide, and keep their soul
 From every taint

Of evil-doing whole,
 The path of Zeus are privileged to tread
 To Kronos' castled piles :—
 Where ocean breezes round the happy isles
 Blow softly ; where with sunny dyes
 Blossoms of gold are blazing ; some arise
 From earth on gorgeous stems, and some are water-fed,
 To bind the brow and arms of each new saint
 With glory's wreath at length :—

By Rhadamanthus' judgment tried
 Who sits in state
 To help at father Kronos' side,
 Who wedded erst a queenlier bride
 To fill the highest throne
 Of heaven, Rhea ; 'mongst the blest
 Where Peleus and where Kadmus rest,
 And where elate
 His mother, whose beseeching tone
 The heart of Zeus to ruth had wrought,
 Achilles brought,

Who Hektor overthrew,
 The sole support,

The one resistless, stedfast, prop of Troy ;
 And Kyknus strong,
 And Eos' Aithiop boy,
 In combat put to death. In wingèd rows
 The arrows lie beneath
 My elbow, waiting in the quiver-sheath
 The fitting time to make report
 To knowing folk ; for those of common sort
 They need interpreters. The wise by instinct know :
 The learned are a silly chattering throng,
 That raven-like pursue

 The bird divine of Zeus
 With fruitless cry.
 Arise, my soul, and bend thy bow for aim.
 Whom shall we strike,
 Loosing the shafts of fame
 From thoughts of kind intention ?—Akragas.
 And loud will I proclaim,—
 And call the gods to testify the same,—
 With tongue that never stooped to lie,
 That never town in all a century
 Has brought unto the birth a citizen that was
 In heart pervading kindness the like,

Or bounteous hand profuse,

Of Theron. But satiety

To praise succeeds ;

Yet dares not be an enemy

With justice in its company,

But underhand will go

To use the tongues of crazy men

And gossip false, to hide from ken

Good men's good deeds.

For as the sands are countless, so

His acts of kindness manifold

May ne'er be told.

3. To Theron of Akragas.

To please the stranger-loving sons of Tyndareus,
 And Helen famous for her tresses fair,
 By splendid Akragas's praise
 For Theron's newly-won Olympic victory
 — My hymn I fain would raise,
 The prize of horses' feet that tireless be.
 And bent on this intent but now I saw the Muse
 Beside me, as I strove to find an air
 To fit to Doric shoes,

And brighter make the feast. The wreaths that now are tied
 Amidst his locks upon the bard impose
 This need of origin divine,
 With citterns many-tongued and oboe's shriller cry
 To fittingly combine
 Full rhythmic phrases, so to magnify
 Ainesidemus' son ; and Pisa magnified

Would fain be, whence the sacred hymnal flows,
 Wherever men abide,

For him, for whom, fulfilling Herakles'
 Behests of old, the judge of Greece,
 Aitolia's faultless son,
 Above his brows upon his tresses lays '
 The decoration twined of th' olive's branches gray ;
 Which in primeval days
 The step-son of Amphitryon
 From Istros' shady sources bore away,
 Fairest memorial of Olympia's victories.

With softly winning speech he begged and honest brow
 Of them that dwell the northern wind behind,
 And Phoibos' favour supplicate,
 A slip that after should become a shady grove,
 Where Zeus in woodland state
 Receives the homage of the world, and prove
 The common crown of manly worth. For duly now
 His father's fane had hallowed been, and kind
 The mid-month moon aglow

On car of gold her orb lit full 'gainst Evening's end ;

When on Alpheius' sacred banks he sate
 To hold the lists in equity ;
 Where each fifth year for strife the mighty stand arrayed :
 Yet not one lovely tree
 Throve on the soil in Kronian Pelops' glade.
 So when he saw the sun's most burning rays descend
 Full on his close of verdure desolate,
 His spirit bade him wend

To Istros' borders, where in days gone by
 Leto's fair daughter, apt to ply
 The lash and haste the steed,
 Received him, coming from the mountain-lands
 And tortuous ravines of Arcady, compelled
 Eurystheus' hard commands
 By Zeus his sire and Fate to heed,
 And fetch the golden-antlered hind, of old
 By Atlas' maid inscribed " Orthosia's hind am I."

So pressing on her track he saw that land of rest
 Beyond the blasts of chilly Boreas,
 And there the olive tree that grows
 Therein, and stood entranced, until within his soul
 A sweet desire arose,

Where four times thrice the racing chariots roll
 Around the course, to plant it. Now a gracious guest,
 With deep-girt Leda's godlike twins, he has
 Vouchsafed at our request

To grace the present feast. For when he parted hence
 For courts Olympian, them he bade preside
 O'er all the wondrous rivalry
 Of manly excellence and cars at top of speed.
 So to th' Emmenidæ,
 And Theron here, my soul proclaims the meed
 Is due, which Tyndareus' well-mounted sons dispense :
 For they of men the guestive boards provide
 At lavishest expense,

With pious heart the holy mysteries
 Preserving. And as water is
 The best of all, and gold
 All other gains excels ; so Theron's power
 And long-descended worth have reached their zenith, heard
 Where high the pillars tower
 That Herakles set up of old.
 Beyond nor foolish man nor wise has steered.
 Nor mine be now the task : 'twere wasted work, I wis !

4. To Iphigeneia of Samos.

HAIL Zeus supreme, untiring thunder's charioteer !

For thine alone

The circling seasons are, which bring me here

The mightiest of strifes to see,

And list the ever-changing tone

Of cittern's voice.

When friends succeed the tale of their success

To hear the good rejoice.

Then hear me, Son of Kronos, king

Of Etna's mount, whose breezy heights oppress

Enormous Typhon's hundred-headed might ;

And of thy kindness,

The Graces to delight,

Accept the masque we bring

To celebrate Olympia's newest victory,

The everlasting light of stalwart thews renown :

Which comes for sake

Of Psaumis' team, who, wreathed with olive crown

In Pisa won, is hot with haste

For Kamarina fame to make.

May heaven befriend

The prayers he yet may utter. Praise from me

Shall evermore attend

One who is bent the horse to train,

And joys in boundless hospitality,

And strives his best with purity of soul

In safe tranquillity

His city to control.

My words I will not stain

With falsehood. Trial shows the worth of man at last.

By proven prowess thus

The son of Klymenus

From Lemnian women's jeers was freed, when he

The foot-race won in brazen arms arrayed :

And as he went to claim his crown

From queen Hypsipyle,

" Fair lady," said,

" Behold ! how swift I am of foot is shown :

Nor weaker are my hands, nor slower beats my heart :

Yet oft to youthful brow

The freaks of Fate impart,

Contrasting manhood's prime, untimely locks of snow."

5. To Psaumis of Hamarina.

THE sweetest, fairest, crown
 Olympia's games can give,
 To guerdon mightiest renown,
 With gladsome heart receive,
 Daughter of Ocean, looking down
 On Psaumis and his wagon here,
 Psaumis, who brings his gifts, th' untiring muleteer :

Who fain to aggrandize
 The city named for thee
 Has caused the six twin altars rise,
 To bounteous feast and free
 Bidding th' immortals from the skies
 By oxen slain with priestly knife,
 And five protracted days of agonistic strife.

He drove his steeds and mules ; alone he rode :
 And, Kamarina, still to thee
 The gentle fame his prowess owed
 He gave, proclaiming with his victory
 His father Akron's name, and newly built abode.

Protecting Pallas, see,
 From that beloved shore,
 Where Pelops and Oinomaüs be
 At rest for evermore,
 He comes to hymn the purity
 Of yonder grove thy shrine anear,
 And smooth Oänis' stream and land-engirdled mere,

And grave canals and gray,
 Whereby thy Hipparis
 Thy host to water finds her way.
 These palaces are his :
 Like towering groves in strong array
 He builds them ; his inspiring might
 This kindred people brings from helplessness to light.

But ever round a master's vast emprise
 No little toil and much expense

Do battle 'gainst his work; the skies
 Are dark with risk. Yet they whose high pretence
 Succeeds are counted e'en by fellow-townsmen wise.

Lord of the clouds above,
 Our saviour, Zeus supreme,
 Long wont on Kronos' crest to rove,
 Who broad Alpheius' stream
 And Ida's solemn cave dost love,
 I come petitioner to thee
 And chaunt to Lydian flutes my prayerful minstrelsy :

This city decorate
 With fame of manly deeds.
 And, Psaumis, Oh ! be this thy fate,
 Who lov'st Poseidon's steeds
 To train, and now art come elate
 With conquest from Olympia's plains,
 To live a glad old age as long as life remains,

Thy sons beside thee. Still if man possess
 Good health and spirits, and have got
 Enough of wealth, to happiness
 Adding renown untarnished, let him not
 Aspire to be a god in utter foolishness !

6. To Agesi^{us} of Syracuse.

As when some gorgeous banquet-hall is built
 The stately porch we rear on columns richly gilt,
 So we will build : the work begun
 Must show a front resplendent as the sun.

And if our subject be
 The winner of Olympia's victory,
 Steward of yon prophetic shrines of Zeus,
 And fellow-colonist of famous Syracuse,

For such a man where can we choose
 Fit hymns in sweetest music to proclaim
 His worth, whose townsmen know and envy not his fame?

For be the son of Sostratus aware
 That this his godlike fortune is. Your merit ne'er,
 Except with peril it have fought,

In men or hollow ships with praise is fraught.
 But if with loss of ease
 A daring deed is done, the memories
 Of many men embalm it. Thou the praise hast won,
 Agesias, which just Adrastus long ago
 Gave to Oïkleus' prophet-son
 Amphiaräus, when the meadow clave
 And with his glossy steeds he found a sudden grave.

When seven pyres at Thebes were finishèd
 Whereon the dead to burn ;
 Talaüs' son then cried a bitter cry ;
 And "More than these," he said,
 "The eye of all my host I mourn,
 Foremost of spears in fight as first in prophecy !"
 Nor lesser laud belongs
 To Syracuse's son,
 Lord of our revels, hero of our songs.
 Contentious I am not, nor strifeful overmuch ;
 But this, for I am sure of it,
 Swearing a mighty oath I will avouch.
 What I have done
 The honey-voicèd Muses will permit.

Come, Phintis, haste to yoke thy sturdy pair
Of mules, that we the car may mount, and straight may fare

Our unembarrassed path to trace
And reach the source of this heroic race.

Thy mules of all the rest
The road we need to take must know the best,
Who for their matchless speed upon their heads have shown
Olympia's olive crown. To them and them alone

Wide be the gates of music thrown !
For I am bound to-day betimes to be
Beside Eurotas' ford by lovely Pitane.

She by Poseidon son of Kronos reaved
A child, Euadne of the blue-black hair, conceived,

And long with folded robes she strove
To hide the fruit of her unwedded love :

But when her hour was come,
She sent her maids the daughter of her womb
Straight to the hero-son of Eilatus to bear,
Who in Phaisana ruled Arkadian men, and clear

Alpheius gained by lot, to rear.

There in her prime beneath Apollo's kiss
She first essayed the sweets of Aphrodite's bliss.

Nor aught her secret Aipytus deceived ;
 He knew her babe divine ;
 The wrath unspeakable with anxious care
 Repressed, his soul that grieved,
 And went in haste to Pytho's shrine
 To question there about the wrong he scarce could bear.
 Her purple-woven gown
 And silver pitcher she
 Beneath the shelter of a thicket brown
 Laid by, and there a boy divine of soul she bare.
 But Eileithuia mild of mood
 And, sent by Phoibos of the golden hair,
 The Spinsters three
 To help in utmost need beside her stood.

There to her painful travail's quick relief
 Young Iamus was brought to light : there crazed with grief
 She left him on the earth. But two
 Protecting dragons, gleaming-eyed, thereto—
 For so th' immortals willed—
 Appointed, with the harmless juice distilled
 By honey-bees the infant fed. But when the king
 From Pytho's rocky cleft drove homeward hurrying,
 He bade his household, " Quickly bring

The child I know Euadne must have borne
Hither to me at once ; for Phoibos' self has sworn

Himself his sire, and promises that he
O'er all of mortal mould shall have supremacy

In reading things divine, and ne'er
The issue of his loins shall lack an heir."

He spake. They all averred

With solemn phrase they had nor seen nor heard
Aught of an infant five days old. For still the child
Lay hidden in the reeds within the thicket wild,

His tender frame with radiance mild
Of pansies bathed of gold and purple hue :
And thence a deathless name his mother made anew

To call him by. So when the golden crown
Of youth was his, and all
Her luscious fruits were tempting his desire,
He calmly gat him down
To dark Alpheius, there to call
Standing in middle stream upon his mother's sire
Poseidon, ocean's lord,
And godbuilt Delos' king
The archer-god ; and prayed they would award

Him some folk-tending rank. By night beneath the skies

He cried : his sire's responsive cry

Rang quick and full of yearning, "Son, arise,

And, following

My voice, the land where all shall come descry."

So came they to the inaccessible

Peak of the lofty mount where Kronos used to dwell :

And twofold gifts he gave him there

Of divination, first the voice to hear

That leasing never knew ;

And then,—when Herakles, the strong of thew

And bold in scheming, came, of all Alkaius' race

Most reverend scion, here his father's feast to place

Where crowds the countless populace,

And solemn games of strength,—his throne divine

Of oracles to set on Zeus' supremest shrine.

Illustrious thence throughout Hellenic land,

The house of Iamus became ; and hand-in-hand

With honour plenty followèd :

And holding worth in high esteem they tread

A shining path. The deed

Proclaims the man. Detraction's evil meed

From others' envy hangs above the head of those
On whom the bashful Grace towards the race's close

A glorious countenance bestows.

Yet if in very truth, Agesias,
Thy mother's folk who dwelt around Kyllene's base

Were often wont with prayerful sacrifice,

In lavish piety,

Hermes to gift, the heavenly messenger ;—

On whom the office lies

The games to hold and victory

Allot, the contest o'er, who counts Arkadia dear,

The nurse of sturdy men ;—

Then, son of Sostratus,

'Tis he, who with his thunderous father's ken
Determines thy good luck. I seem upon my tongue

To feel the shrilly whetstone grate,

That woos me nothing loth to floods of song.

The beauteous

Blooming Metope, child of desolate

Stymphalis was my grandam, she who bare
Thebe who loves to drive the horse : whose waters fair

I soon will quaff, and daintily

A wreath of many-tinted poesy
 Will weave for warrior-brows.
 Thy fellow-minstrels, Aineas, arouse.
 To maiden Hera first the shout of praise is due :
 Then know if th' old reproach " Boiotian hog " we too
 With truth repel ; for thou'rt the true
 Herald, the word-stick of the fair-haired Nine,
 The luscious bowl that brims with song's enchanted wine.

 Be Syracuse remembered in their lays,
 And rich Ortygia, which the sceptre pure obeys
 Of even-minded Hiero ;
 Who tends Persephone's gay steeds of snow,
 Demeter's ruddy feet,
 And Zeus's might in Etna's awful seat,
 With welcome festive rites. Sweet-sounding lyre and rhyme
 With him are well acquaint. Oh let not creeping Time
 Disquiet fortunes so sublime.
 May he with loving heart and kind await
 The merry masque that brings Agesias in state

 Back from the older toward the newer home,
 Leaving Stymphalus' walls
 The mother of sheep-herding Arcady.

When far amidst the foam
Throughout a night of winter squalls
The ship must ride, 'tis well her anchors twain should be.
May heaven to these and those
Vouchsafe a bright career
In friendliness : and oh ! do thou dispose,
Husband of golden-distaff'd Amphitrite, lord
And ruler of the sea,
Their voyage straight and smooth to those aboard :
And grant me here
Th' increasing flower of winsome minstrelsy !

7. To Diagoras of Rhodes.

As when one grasps in plenteous hand
 A cup wherein the foam
 Of wine's red juice is gurgling high,
 And gives it, drinking to his health,
 To his young son-in-law to carry home,
 Wrought all of virgin gold, the crown of all his wealth,
 The merry-making band
 Exalting, and his recent tie ;
 He renders him beside
 Envied of all the friendly standers-by
 For winning a congenial bride :

So when the Muses' gift I send,
 As sweet as nectar poured,
 The luscious fruit of mental strife,
 To them that wear the athlete's crown,
 Men who at Pytho or Olympia warred

And won, I please them. Blest is he whom fair renown

And honour bright attend.

But she who gives the bloom to life,

The Grace, from time to time

With lyres and many a well-concerted fife

Another victor makes sublime.

And now with both I come, and blended song,

Diagoras beside

Rhodos the sea-girt isle to celebrate,

The child of Aphrodite, Helios' bride :

While I shall praise with tuneful choir

The mighty man and fair in fight who wore the crowns

For pugilistic might

Alpheius' and Kastalia's banks along ;

And Demagetus therewithal his sire,

The friend of Right ;

Who with their Argive spearmen cultivate,

Near widespread Asia's jutting headland-tongue,

The isle of three fair towns.

Yes ; now will I in minstrelsy

Aloud proclaim for them

The story of their origin ;

How from Tlepolemus they spring,
 Branches of Herakles's mighty stem.
 They boast that on the father's side direct they bring
 To Zeus their pedigree ;
 And on the mother's are akin
 To great Amyntor, sons
 Of fair Astydameia. Error in
 The speech of men unending runs.

And hard it is to find what now
 And in the end will be
 Man's good. For erst in Tiryns town
 The settler of this isle in ire
 Struck with a cudgel of tough olive tree
 Likymnius, bastard offspring of Alkmena's sire,
 And slew him with the blow,
 From Midea's chambers coming down.
 In troubles of the mind
 The wisdom of the wise is overthrown.
 So to the god at Pytho shrined

He hid him. From the sweet most holy place
 The god of golden hair
 Bade him equip a fleet, and from the shore

Of Lerne to the sea-girt land repair,
 Where once the sovereign king of heaven
 Down on the city poured a rain of golden snow.

What time Athene armed,
 Sprang from her father's forehead through the space
 Hephaistus' craft and brazen axe had riven ;
 And air alarmed
 Rang with her battle-cry's tremendous roar :
 Heaven shook to view the terrors of her face,
 And mother Earth also.

Then he who light on men bestows
 The god, Hyperion's child,
 Commandment on his children laid,
 A debt of perpetuity,
 That they, the first, a splendid shrine should build
 To her the goddess new-create, and solemnly
 With sacrificial vows
 Should glad the father and the maid
 Who sways the thunderous spear.
 The reverence born of Forethought man to aid
 Merit imparts and goodly cheer.

But often deep forgetfulness,

A cloud of baffling, came
 Work's path direct to lead astray,
 And drive remembrance from the heart.
 So bearing not the seed of burning flame
 These climbed the citadel, and set therein apart
 With rites no fire could bless
 The holy ground. But when the day
 Was dying, Zeus supreme
 Led up a yellow cloud, and rained away
 Much gold : and She whose gray eyes gleam

 And flash with lightnings gave them excellence
 In every handicraft
 O'er other toiling men : their roads were lined
 With works that seemed to live and move ; the draught
 Of glory was full deep. For lore
 Acquired in guileless wisdom finds a vast increase.
 Men's olden legends tell,
 When Zeus and all the immortals made pretence
 Among themselves the earth for evermore
 Divisible
 To make, that Rhodos' cliffs were not defined
 Above the waves, but hid from sight and sense
 Below the briny seas.

But no one pointed out the share
 Of Helios far away :
 They left without his lot of earth
 The spotless god. He bore in mind
 The slight ; and Zeus, if he had had his say,
 Had cast the lots afresh ; but Helios declined.

“Where hoar the billows are,
 Uprising from the depths to birth
 I see an isle,” he said,
 “Where soon shall grow a race of manly worth,
 And countless flocks of sheep be fed.”

Then golden-snooded Lachesis
 He bade stretch out her hand
 To ratify the mighty oath
 Of all the gods, and nod unfeigned
 Assent to Kronos' son, that this new land
 Emerging into lustrous air, while earth remained,
 Should evermore be his.
 She did his bidding nothing loth :
 The words at that dread sign
 Had end in true performance. From the froth
 Of clinging saturating brine

An island blossomed. He whom piercing rays
 Proclaim their kindred's sire
 Owned it, the lord who has the mastery
 Of steeds whose breath is e'en as scorching fire.
 And there in Rhodos' soft embrace
 Seven sons he gat with gifts of wisest thought endowed,
 Amongst the men of yore,
 For their inheritance : in after days
 To one Jalysus, eldest of his race,
 Kydippe bore,
 Kameirus next, then Lindus. These in three
 Their father's land dividing, went their ways
 And each his own abode

 Called by his name. There sweet amends
 For sorry hap in life,
 As to a god, is offered now
 To Tiryns' prince Tlepolemus
 With sacrifice of sheep and manly strife.
 And there Diagoras was twice victorious ;
 Where Isthmus seaward trends
 Four times ; where Nemea's olives grow
 Twice running he has ta'en
 The crown ; and where from her steep mountain-brow
 Athene gazes on the main.

The Argive shield his grasp has known :
 And Thebes, and Arcady,
 The yearly games Boiotians hold,
 Pellene too, his peerless fame
 Have echoed back : Aigina's victory
 Six times he won : the tale of him is still the same
 On Megara's graven stone.
 Zeus father, who does guard the wold
 Of Atabyrius' height,
 The customary hymn in honour hold
 That celebrates Olympia's fight,

 And him whose goodly fist has gained the prize.
 And modest reverence
 From fellow-townsmen and from strangers grant
 To him : for aye a foe to insolence
 He treads his honest path : for he
 Has thoroughly learned the truths that from good ancestors
 Have grown within his soul.
 Kallianax's seed from kindred eyes
 Hide not away. Whene'er the Eratidæ
 Are graced, the whole
 City with festive cheer is jubilant.
 But oft while sunshine still illumes the skies
 The rising tempest roars.

8. To Alkimedon of Aigina.

MOTHER of contests crowned with crowns of gold,
 Mistress of Truth,
 All hail ! Olympia, where the prophet-priests of sooth
 Around the burning victim stand,
 Intent to find
 Some index of the mind
 Of Zeus, who holds the vivid levin in his hand ;
 If he have word of them whose souls are manned
 Thy wreath to win, and rest from labours manifold.

And answer oft rewards the piety
 Of them that pray.
 Thou leafy grove of Pisa nigh Alpheius' spray
 This masque and show in gracious mood
 Accept ; for great
 Is always his estate,
 Who wins thy splendid prize of manly hardihood.

Yet not to all men comes the selfsame good.
 'The gods have many paths to reach prosperity.

And thee, Timosthenes, thy fate
 Assigned to tutelary Zeus, and he,
 Who in the Nemean ring gave thee renown,
 Now to Alkimedon
 By Kronos' mountain-crest allots Olympia's crown.

Right fair to look upon
 He was, nor have his deeds his looks belied,
 When in his wrestle's victory
 He named Aigina's isle his native state,
 Whose long oars sweep the sea,
 Where saviour Themis stranger-shielding Zeus beside

Sits in exceeding worship. What is much,
 And is inclined
 In many ways, 'tis hard to judge with righteous mind
 And opportune. Yon little land
 Amid the brine
 By some decree divine
 Was set, a blessed column of defence to stand
 For every stranger. Oh ! may heaven command
 That through the time to come it still may aye be such.

By Dorians held since death the sceptre broke
 Of Aiakus ;
 Whom Leto's Phoibos and Poseidon glorious
 Summoned, when they on Ilium
 To rear were bent
 A crown of battlement,
 To help them build the wall. For cruel wars would come,
 And 'midst the city-sacking battle's hum
 Its stones, so Fate had willed, must breathe devouring smoke.

 There three gray dragons at a tower,
 When first 'twas builded, leapt : whereof the twain
 Fell back and yielded up in dire alarm
 Their souls at once : the third
 Passed hissing in. Apollo marked the sign of harm,
 And straight took up the word
 Of warning, " Hero, where those hands of thine
 Have wrought shall Pergamus be ta'en.
 So speaks the hostile portent of this hour
 To me in language plain,
 Sent here by Kronos' son, the thunderer divine.

Yet not without the aid of thy descent
 All this shall be :

Thy very children of the first and fourth degree
 Shall lead the foe." He spake, and sought
 His Xanthus' banks,
 And th' Amazonian ranks
 Well-horsed, and Istros; whilst the trident-wielder brought
 Their fellow here to Isthmus' ridge sea-wrought,—
 And fast the golden steeds that drew his chariot went,—

And Corinth's precipice, his famous feast
 To witness there.
 Nothing to all men seems in equal manner fair.
 Should I in song rehearse the praise
 Melesias
 From beardless striplings has,
 Her ruthless stone against me let not Envy raise.
 Like honour, I declare, in former days
 In Nemea's lists he gained, and later pancratist

Was hailed where grown men strove. The man
 Who once himself has learned, more easily
 Can teach : to shirk instruction marks the fool :
 For inexperience
 Is light of heart, but they whose selves have been to school
 Have better competence

To point the method which may best advance

Him, who the proud celebrity
Is fain t'achieve of wreaths Olympian.

Melesias, for thee
The thirtieth honour this, Alkimedon's good chance.

Favoured by luck divine, yet not deprived
Of manliness,
Four young competitors his blows' terrific stress
Sent hating their abasement home,
With shame-tied tongue
To live unknown to song :
And in his father's sire new vigour caused to come,
Wherewith to combat eld and brave the tomb.
He seldom thinks on death who pleasantly has lived.

But sleeping Memory I must arouse
To tell the tale,
How aye the Blepsiad race was wonted to prevail :
For whom with conquest surfeited
The sixth green crown
Of contest is put down.
And part of their renown to those to Hades sped
Is duly given. Dust hides not from the dead

The cherished honours gained by scions of their house.

So when he hears the joyful tale
From Gossip, Hermes' daughter eldest-born,
Will Iphion Kallimachus advise
How Zeus upon their seed
Has just conferred the world-renowned Olympic prize.
So ever meed to meed
Still let him add, and sharp diseases fend !
I pray of their prosperity
He bid not adverse Nemesis avail ;
But that their city he
May with themselves exalt in peace until the end !

9. To Epharmostus of Opous.

ARCHILOCHUS'S strain,
 Olympia's song,
 The shout of 'Conquering Hero' thrice renewed,
 Sufficed for Epharmostus, when
 Before the friendly train
 He led the revels Kronos' hill along.
 But now with mightier dart
 Sped from the distance-killing bow-string of thy Muse,
 Approach, my heart,
 The solemn throne of Zeus
 Who hurls the levin red as blood,
 And yonder sacred mountain-peak the pride
 Of Elis' country-side
 Acquired by Peleus, erst the flower
 Of Lydia's men,
 His bride Hippodameia's fairest wedding dower.

Then loose thine arrow's wing
 So sharp and sweet
 At Pytho. Lay not hold of words that bend
 Earthward, when thou preparest to wake
 Thy cittern's quivering
 To hail the man who rival wrestlers beat,
 The son of great Opous ;
 Mingling his praise with hers, whom Law, and Ordinance
 Her glorious
 Daughter,—so fell the chance,—
 With saving presence aye defend.
 And nigh Kastalia's fount in fame she grows,
 And where Alpheius flows,
 Whence primest garlands brought of late
 More honoured make
 The forest-shaded mother-town of Lokris' state.

And I, for fain I am the town I love
 With burning song to cause to shine,
 Swifter than noble steed or wingèd ship can move
 Will blazon east and west and south and north
 This joyous rede :
 If by the hand of Destiny
 The Graces' chosen garden-close be mine.

For theirs is every pleasant meed.
 'Tis only heaven's decree
 That mortal men endues with wisdom or with worth.

Else how had Herakles
 His cudgel whirled
 In triumph o'er the trident, when before
 His Pylos' walls Poseidon fought
 And gave him little ease ;
 When Phoibos, silver-bowed and golden-curved,
 In battle pressed him hard ;
 While Hades shook in wrath that dread mysterious rod,
 Wherewith toward
 The hollow pathway trod
 By all the dead in years of yore
 He guides the newly-slain. My mouth, refrain
 Thy words : so rash a strain
 Abjure : the lore that gods decry
 Is ruin-fraught ;
 And boasts inopportune with madness harmonize.

Such babble put thou down :
 And let alone
 All strife and warfare of the deathless ones.

Attune thy tongue to celebrate
 Protogeneia's town,
 Where by command of Zeus Deukalion
 And Pyrrha, from the crest
 Of cold Parnassus coming, made their first abode
 Wherein to rest,
 And rear a race that owed
 Its origin to fleshless stones
 And not to nature, telling in its name
 The source from which it came.
 For these song's speeding breath upraise :
 And ancient date
 For wine, for minstrel's work the newest blossoms praise.

Once on a time, they say, the mighty force
 Of waters deluged sombre earth ;
 But through the Thunderer's skill back to its briny source
 Was driven to make precipitate retreat.
 And thence descent
 Your brazen-shielded sires could trace
 From old Iapetus, whose blood at birth
 With all the noblest ichor blent
 Of Kronos' heavenly race :
 A constant line of kings in their ancestral seat.

Before Olympus' lord
 Unhindered caught
 Opous' fair daughter from th' Epeian land
 Up to the ridge of Mainalus ;
 And there upon the sword
 Enjoyed her charms, and her to Lokrus brought,
 Lest age should slay him, bare
 Of children, doomed to die alone. The wife in time
 A sturdy heir
 Brought forth ; with joy sublime
 The son committed to his hand
 Lokrus beheld ; and 'twas by his desire
 That for his mother's sire
 They called the child ; to manhood grown,
 A marvellous
 Hero in look and deed : to whom his folk and town

His father gave in charge.
 To him a host
 From Argos, and from Thebes, and Arcady,
 And Pisa gathered : every guest
 With bounty free and large
 He welcomed, but Menoitius honoured most
 Of all the stranger band ;

The child of Aktor and Aigina, whose one son,
 When Teuthras' land
 Th' Atreidæ reached, alone
 Stood with Achilles manfully,
 When Telephus repulsed the Danaan troops
 Home to their galleys' poops ;
 To show the wise what courage fired
 Patroklos' breast.

Whenceforth the hero born of Thetis' womb required

That never 'midst the cruel battle's roar
 Patroklos should consent to stand
 Save where Achilles swayed his conquering spear before.
 Borne in the Muses' car a nobler lay
 'Twere mine to make,
 Full power with courage following.
 But for Lampromachus I sought this land,
 For valour's and his friendship's sake
 His Isthmian wreaths to sing,
 Where either held the lists through all one livelong day.

And two successes more
 At Corinth's gate
 Were theirs, and oft was Epharmostus' head

In Nemea's valley crowned : a boy
 Proud Athens' bays he wore ;
 Triumphed a man at Argos. Oh ! how great
 His honours bourgeoned, when
 Leaving the beardless crowd of youths at Marathon
 To rival men
 The silver cup he won !
 With never-stumbling, stealthy, tread
 And nimble turn he passed his elders by ;
 And oh ! with such a cry—
 The course completed—took his meed ;
 Radiant with joy,
 Bright with the bloom of youth, and fair with fairest deed !

And 'mongst Parrhasia's throng
 How wondrous fair
 He showed him at Lykaian Zeus's feast,
 And at Pellene, when his corse
 He mantled with the strong
 Warm remedy for winter's chilly air.
 And Iolaüs' tomb,
 Seabeat Eleusis too, for witnesses have seen
 His laurels bloom.
 Whate'er is best, I ween,

Is nature's work ; yet some at least
 Of men by taught accomplishments acquire
 The glory they desire :
 But what is done apart from God
 'Twere none the worse
 To leave unhymned to silence. 'Tis not every road

That leads an equal length ; nor thrive we all
 By one pursuit ; yea learning's hill
 Is steep to climb. But since to grace this festival
 Thou bring'st thine offering, sweet Muse of mine,
 Be bold and cry,
 That he with strength of hand was blest
 And supple limbs from birth by heaven's will,
 And courage flashing from his eye,
 Who late at Aias' feast
 Oileus' honours gained, and crowned the hero's shrine.

10. To Agesidamus of Epizephyrian Lokris.

THERE is a time when men stand most in need
Of breezes fair ; a time when most for rains they long,
Cloud's stormy children : but by toil if one succeed

He finds his recompense in dulcet song,
The source of future tales, the faithful augury
Of fame that ever waits on mighty deeds gone by.

And these ungrudgèd songs of praise are given
To all Olympia's victors : these my tongue to tend
Is fain, as shepherds tend their flocks, for aye from heaven

The blooms of poet-lore to men descend.
Know then, Agesidamus, yea, be well assured,
Son of Arcestratus, thy prowess has secured,

Besides the golden olive's diadem,
A crown of honied song which I will weave,

Regardful of the race of Lokrians of the West.

Then haste, ye Muses, haste, to lead with them

The revels : I will guarantee

No stranger-hating people ye shall find,

No dullard folk of brutish mind,

But shall a highly-cultured race of warriors see :

For never fiery fox nor roaring lion leave

The characters by Nature's hand imprest.

11. To Agesidamus of Epizephyrian Lokris.

OH ! read me where within my wit
 The name of him who won Olympia's bough,
 Arcestratus's son, is writ ;
 For erst I promised him the sweet reward of song,
 And now too long
 My promise have forgotten. Gentle Muse, and thou,
 Great Zeus's daughter, Truth, from Pindar fend
 The blame of having lied and wronged a friend.

With shame of all my depth of debt
 The days then future, now left far behind,
 Come up to cover me : and yet
 Vantage of interest may cancel slander's score.
 When billows hoar
 Roll backward, who may some far-whirling pebble find?
 And where will be the people's carping mood
 When paymentwhelms reproach in gratitude?

For Justice over Western Lokris sways
 The rod of honest rule : her people cultivate
 Kalliope and brass-clad Ares. Rumour says
 That e'en the wondrous thews of Herakles
 Were foiled at first by Kyknus. Thanks for help so great
 To Ilas let Agesidamus, decorate
 With Pisa's boxers' chaplet, give as gave
 Patroklos to Achilles. Prodigies
 Heaven's hand with training works in one by nature brave.

But few except with toil attain
 That gladness which can most a life illumine.
 The oracles of Zeus constrain
 Me now to hymn the strife of all the strifes beside
 The chiefest pride,
 Which stalwart Herakles nigh Pelops' ancient tomb,
 Established, when his strong right hand had slain
 Fair Kleätus and Eurytus, the twain

Sons of Poseidon : so to get
 His labour's wage from haughty Augeäs,
 Bent to exact the scouted debt.
 So in a coppice dense beneath Kleonæ's gate
 He lay in wait,

And suddenly o'ercame them in the way ; whereas
 Ambushed in Elis' mountain-passes they
 Had once his Tiryns' army made their prey ;

O'erweening offspring of Molione !
 And very soon the Epeians' guest-defrauding king
 Beheld his country, rich with long prosperity,
 And his own city, sinking in the stream
 Of such calamity as sword and fire may bring
 When foemen smite and spare not. 'Tis no easy thing
 Strife with a stronger force to set aside :
 And Augeäs, misled by folly's dream,
 Knew first the captive's chains, and then dishonoured died.

To Pisa then the mighty son
 Of Zeus his booty brought and all his train :
 And for his sire, the peerless one,
 A holy precinct measured out, and fenced around
 In open ground
 Our consecrated Altis, and the circled plain
 To rest and feasting after toil assigned :
 And dark Alpheius' stream in honour joined

With the twelve sovereign gods ; and bade

Men call the steep by Kronos' name, that erst
 Had borne on an untitled head,
 The while Oinomaüs reigned, the snowy winter gear
 Of many a year.
 And when these solemn rites by him were established first
 The Fates were stationed at the founder's side,
 And he by whom alone the Truth is tried,

Unerring Time : who now in later days,
 How Herakles the first-fruits won in war among
 The gods in sacrifice distributed, displays :
 And how for every fifth recurring year
 He organized the first Olympic feast with song ;
 And valour's prizes gave amid th' assembled throng.
 In wrestling, running, racing, tell me who
 Conceived in thought the wish away to bear
 The contest's fame, and gained by deed the garlands too.

Oionus first, Lykymnius' son,
 From Mideä came—her army's chief—and he
 With ease the furlong footrace won :
 In wrestling Echemus the honours of the brave
 To Tegeä gave :
 And where the pugilists encountered, victory

Fell to Doryklus, who of Tiryns' land
Was denizen : with horses four-in-hand

The son of Halirrhothius,
Samus from Mantinea, bore away
The prize : with spear victorious
Phrastor the target struck : Enikeus put the stone
Far off alone
With skilful twist of hand ; a long and loud hurrah
His backers raised. And fair Selene's ray
With lovely light lit up the dying day.

Then all the sacred field was flooded o'er
With song at gladsome feasts according to the use
Of Pisa's country-side. And we the ways of yore
Will follow now ; the hymn of victory
We too will raise ; and we the olden theme will choose,
The fiery-handed levin hurled by thundering Zeus,
The burning bolt that fits his boundless might :
Whilst with the dulcet reed in harmony
Soft notes of song shall wake the echoes of the night ;

Song that by Dirke fair of fame
Sees light at last though all too long delayed.
And as a son to bear his name

Born of his wife, the child of long and fond desire,
 With love's sweet fire
 An aged father's bosom warms ;—for wealth uplaid
 For a strange lord of alien ancestry
 Is bitterness to one who soon must die ;—

So he who noble deeds has wrought,
 But comes to Hades' gloomy home unsung,
 Has spent his days in toil for nought
 Save momentary joy ; but now the sweet-toned lute
 And dulcet flute,
 Agesidamus, honour's prize to thee have flung.
 And wide-spread fame your favour companies,
 Zeus' gifted daughters, fair Pierides !

.And I my hearty zeal with theirs combine
 Illustrious Lokris' state with warm embrace to greet,
 Steeping in honied praise her children's noble line :
 Arcestratus' belovèd son elate
 To praise, whom I beheld beside the holy seat
 Of great Olympia's god in pugilistic feat
 Succeed ; who fair in face as brave in deed
 Had then the bloom of youth, which shameless Fate
 Erewhile, with Kypris' aid, repelled from Ganymede.

12. To Ergoteles of Himera.

I PRAY thee, child of Freedom-giving Zeus,
 Protecting Fortune, keep
 Good watch o'er Himera's strong walls ; for thine the hand
 Across the pathless deep
 That guides the course of wingèd ships ; on land
 That sudden wars controls, and rules deliberate
 Councils of state.
 For human hope unreal phantasies pursues,
 Now tossing high, now low, athwart the waves of Fate.

Nor ever presage true of future fare
 Did one of mortal kind
 Find from the gods. Their hints of coming destinies
 To us are always blind ;
 And expectation oft event belies.
 Without a note of warning unalloyed delight

Will take her flight :
 And they, whose barque the storm has sorely tried, despair
 Exchange in little time for joy's supremest height.

Son of Philenor, e'en thy speed of foot,
 Like barndoor cock that only fights at home,
 Had perished fameless, void of fruit,
 Beside thy native hearth, had no sedition come
 And set thy Knossus' citizens at strife
 And robbed thee of thy home and ease.
 But now thy forehead wears Olympia's crown ;
 And, Pythian garlands twice, Ergoteles,
 And Isthmian won, thou liftest to renown
 The Nymphs' hot baths, where thou dost lead thy farmer's life.

13. To Xenophon of Corinth.

WHILE I extol the family
 Whose temples Pisa's wreaths have thrice been seen to twine,
 To townsmen kind, to strangers generous,
 My song shall celebrate
 Corinth the prosperous,
 Isthmic Poseidon's gate,
 Far-famed for children fair. There Order loves to bide
 With two twin sisters—safe foundations of the state—
 Justice and Peace, who wealth to man divide ;
 The golden progeny
 Of one who never errs in council, Right divine.

And Peace and Justice love to fend
 Presumption, loud-mouthed mother of Satiety.
 An honourable tale is mine to tell ;
 And honest hardihood
 My tongue would fain impel

To speak. What in the blood
 Is born, 'tis vain to strive to cover. Oft on you,
 Aletes' sons, the flowery Seasons have bestowed
 The glory sacred games on might of thew
 Confer, within your mind
 Oft sowed the seed of ancient ingenuity.

The merit of device
 Is his alone
 Who first conceived it. Tell me, then, from whence appeared
 The joyous feast of Dionyse
 With bullock-guerdoned dithyramb? and who
 His chariot first with reined and bitted horses drew?
 Or on th' immortals' temples reared
 The king of birds in double shape of stone?
 The Muses too
 Here sweetly breathe; and Ares here
 Beholds with glee the lads who wield the deadly spear.

O father Zeus, whose boundless sway
 Unrivalled rules Olympia, aye ungrudging be
 To these my hymns, this people at their ease
 Preserve, and waft thou on
 With favourable breeze

The barque of Xenophon.
 For him the chant, that lauds his prowess' meed, receive,
 Which he from Pisa's plain is bringing, having won
 The wreaths that foot-race and pentathlon give,
 And both within one day:
 No mortal e'er before had such prosperity.

And chaplets wove of parsley twain
 His tresses covered when to Isthmus' games he sped ;
 And Nemea utters no discordant sound.
 Alpheius' stream beside
 The legends still abound
 For what a light, swift, stride
 His father Thessalus was known. At Pytho he
 In single course and double e'er the daylight died
 Triumphed : with three fair wreaths of victory,
 Before one moon could wane,
 His locks swift-footed Day at Athens garlanded.

Hellotis' feast seven times
 Beheld him win ;
 And where Poseidon's course on either hand the sea
 Assails, embalmed in grander rhymes
 With Terpsias' and Eritimus' name,

His father Ptoiodorus, on the scroll of fame
 Inscribed, shall ever deathless be.
 I dare the world to tell how often in
 The Delphian game
 And Lion's close the bell ye bore.
 'Twere easier to count the stones on ocean's shore.

But everything has fitting bound,
 Which only the best time reveals. To themes of state,
 Chanting the prowess of the dead, when I
 A private man proceed,
 In nothing will I lie
 Concerning Corinth's meed,
 Famous for wisdom as for warfare. There was bred
 Wise Sisyphus whose craft the gods could not exceed ;
 And there, against her father's bidding wed,
 Medeia came, who found
 Escape for Argo's keel and saved her living freight.

And when by force before the walls
 Of Dardanus the armies thought on either side
 To end the war ;—with Atreus' kindly son
 One bent to bring again
 Sweet Helen home ; and one

To rid their native plain
 Of foreign foes ;—the Danaan chieftains shook to see
 Glaukus from Lykia come. “A very wide domain
 Beside Peirene’s city,” boasted he,
 “And royal banquet halls
 Were once my father’s own, and kingship far and wide.”

He by the fountain-head
 Intent to break
 The snaky-tressèd Gorgon’s offspring Pegasus,
 Had oft ill-hap encounterèd ;
 Ere to his side the maiden Pallas went
 Bearing a bridle trapped with gold. His dreams were spent
 At once in vision. “Sleep’st thou thus
 Prince sprung from Aiolus,” the goddess spake,
 “Arise attent,
 Take this to spell yon stallion’s fire,
 A white bull slay, and show this to thy taming sire.”

Sleeping he saw at midmost night
 The Virgin of the deep blue shield come near and speak
 These words. At once he leapt upon his feet ;
 The marvel by his side
 Took up, and glad as fleet

In happy hurry hied
 To seek his country's seer, old Koiranos's son,
 And show him all his chance, and how at eventide,
 As he had bid, the goddess' steps upon
 He slept, and in his sight
 The maiden born of Zeus, whose wrath the thunders wreak,

Produced the soul-subduing gold.
 And Polyidus bade him instantly fulfil
 The vision ; to the earth-encompasser
 The strong-foot's neck to lift
 In sacrifice, and her,
 Equestrian Pallas, gift
 With altar new. Beyond man's utmost hope or vow
 The potent arm of heaven has often raised his thrift.
 And round the wingèd horse's muzzle now
 Bellerophon the bold
 The taming spell applied, and joyed to see his will

By such a steed obeyed.
 Triumphantly
 He mounted him, and all his paces sportive tried,
 In brazen coat of mail arrayed.
 With him the Amazonian ranks he fought

Of female archers from the airs bare bosom fraught
 With icy blasts : before him died
 Chimaira breathing flame : the Solymi
 By him were brought
 To nought. His fate unsung I leave :
 The ancient stalls of Zeus on high the horse receive.

But whilst my whirling darts I reach
 Straight at the mark, I must not all my strength of thew
 Misuse, the many far beyond to throw.
 For it has been my fate
 Right willingly to go,
 The Muses throned in state
 And Oligaithus' stalwart offspring vowed to aid,
 To Isthmus and to Nemea. Still I will relate
 Much in a tale as short as may be made.
 Full sixty times at each,—
 The herald's welcome voice shall be my witness true,—

They won. In Pisa what their fare
 Has been already told, methinks. What yet shall be
 I then will clearly tell ; at present I
 But hope ; with those above
 The future issues lie.

Would that the kindly love
 That guarded all their race may further persevere !
 To Zeus and Ares this we leave the task to prove.

How often on Parnassus' brow, and near
 Argos, and Thebes ; and where
 Lykaïos' kingly shrine shall bear to Arcady

Witness ; at Sikyon,
 Pellene too,
 Eleusis, Megara, the well-defended grove
 Of Aiakus ; rich Marathon,
 Euboia ; 'midst the towns that 'neath the crest
 Of Etna thrive in beauty ; they have been confessed
 Unmatched ! Their crowns though Hellas rove
 To count ; they beggar knowing. Monarch, who
 Canst grant request,
 Smooth passage give o'er life's rough sea,
 And temper triumph's sweet delights with modesty.

14. To Asopichus of Orchomenus.

YE graces three,

Ye queens of minstrels' singing, who frequent
The charger-breeding lands of fat Orchomenus
That has her lot beside Kephisus' waters clear,

Ye warders of the olden Minyæ,

When I implore you, hear !

For yours is all delight,

Yours all that renders life for mortals sweet or bright ;

And if a man

Be wise, or fair, or valorous,

The gift is yours. Without your stately aid

Nor solemn feasts nor blithesome dances can

The gods immortal celebrate :

But, stewards of the mysteries on high,

Your seats in seemly state

The golden-bowed Apollo, Pytho's lord, anigh

Are evermore arrayed,

For hours in ceaseless praise of Zeus Olympic spent.

O worshipful

Aglaia and Euphrosyne, who love

The sounds of song, ye daughters born to Zeus the king

Of gods themselves, my invocation hear ; and thou,

Thalia, who dost music's blossoms cull,

On our procession now

Look kindly as it goes

To render thanks for good success on tripping toes.

In Lydian style

Asopichus I came to sing.

Through thy deserts the Minyeian town

Is hailed Olympia's winner. Haste the while,

Echo, to reach the sable walls

Where dwells Persephone ; his father tell,

Whom Hades' converse calls

Kleodamus, gladsome news, in Pisa's famous dell

How his young son half-grown

Her wingèd honours wreathed his flowing locks above.

PYTHIAN ODES.

1. To Hiero of Syracuse.

My golden cittern, whom
 Apollo keeps
 In common with the raven-tressèd Muses, thee,
 Beginner of the revelry,
 The dancers' step awaits ; the minstrel choir,
 When thy sweet strings' melodious quivering
 The prelude wake, thy signs inspire
 The hymn that ushers in the festival to sing.
 Zeus' pointed bolt of fire eternal thou in gloom
 Canst shroud ; the eagle on his sceptre sleeps,
 And lets his wide
 Pinions so swift of flight droop down on either side ;

 Of all the feathered kind
 Though he be lord.
 About his beakèd head a cloud of sable night
 Thou sheddest ; o'er his orbs of sight

Spelled by thy sweep of song his eyelids close
 In pleasant slumber ; softly to and fro
 He sways his back in deep repose :
 Nay, headstrong Ares' self has oftentimes let go
 His lance's cruel point with sleep to glad his mind.
 To souls of gods thy missiles calm afford,
 With skill endued
 By Phoibos and the Muses' full-clad sisterhood.

But whosoe'er
 Of Zeus's love have never had a share
 Are sore distressed
 To hear the cry of the Pierides .
 On land or midst the dark resistless seas.
 Like him who lies in baleful Tartarus,
 Typhoeus of the hundred heads, the deadly foe
 Of all the gods, whom erst
 Kilikia's famous cavern nursed :
 But now the sea-beat cliffs precipitous
 That frown o'er Cumæ hold him down,
 And all Sikelia weighs upon his shaggy chest ;
 And Etna's pillar-peak that pierces air,
 With ice bestrown,
 The yearlong nurse of nipping snow :

From whose recesses jets
 The awesome flood
 Of fire that none may near ; and while the daylight beams
 A cataract of smoke that gleams
 With lurid lights her torrents pour, but when
 The dusk of even falls, her blaze blood-red
 Rolls boulders huge each ragged glen
 Adown, to splash and sink in ocean's level bed.
 'Tis yonder reptile born to lame Hephaistus lets
 These fountains forth. To all the neighbourhood
 A prodigy
 Of fear and wonder full he is to hear and see ;

And how the plain between
 And Etna's crest
 Of dark-leafed forest he is chained, and all his back
 The torments of his bedding rack
 Laid out at length. O Zeus, I pray thee grant
 That I may find acceptance in thine eye ;
 Who lov'st this mountain-top to haunt,
 A fruitful country's front, whose namesake city nigh
 Her famous founder has bedecked with glory's sheen ;
 Since Pytho's herald on the course confessed
 Her honours thro'

The chariot-race's crown adjudged to Hiero.

By those who sail
 Across the seas 'tis deemed of prime avail,
 When they begin
 A trip, to quit the port with breezes fair :
 For thus 'tis like that they will home repair
 With better luck : so in my song of praise
 For this success I fain would find an augury
 That many a future year,
 For steeds' victorious career
 And crowns and feasts and hymns that minstrels raise,
 Renown on Etna may attend.
 Oh ! Lykian Phoibos, Delos' king, delighting in
 Kastalia's fount in steep Parnassus' vale,
 Do thou befriend
 This noble land, and hear my plea.

For human excellence
 From heaven derives
 All means of growth, and none, unless the gods assent,
 Is wise or strong or eloquent.
 And Hiero to laud is my intent ;
 So hope I that my missile may not fall

Without the lists, as javelin sent
 From whirling hand with cheek of brass, but distance all
 Opponents by its cast. Would heaven the affluence
 And gifts of wealth's increase wherein he lives
 May ne'er be less ;
 While Time of anguish past affords forgetfulness.

Or brings to mind instead
 The memory
 How boldly in the stress of fight he held his own ;
 When at the hands of gods a throne
 They gat, an honour such as Hellene ne'er
 May reap, the diadem of majesty
 And unexampled wealth to wear.
 And now forsooth in Philoktetes' fashion he
 Has gone to war, and one that held a haughty head
 Has found it need his flatterer to be.
 They say of yore
 The godlike heroes came from Lemnos' lonely shore

The archer-son
 Of Poias, by his ulcer nigh undone,
 To fetch away ;
 Who wasted Priam's city, and at length

'The Danaans' labours ended, poor of strength
 Although he went, for thus it was decreed.
 So may the healing god vouchsafe to Hiero
 In coming time to be,
 Granting him opportunity
 To gain whate'er his heart of hearts may need.
 Before Deinomenes upraise,
 Sweet Muse, the pæan of the four-in-hands, I pray ;
 For children share the joy by father's won.
 Then bid our lays
 For Etna's sovereign friendly flow ;

 Since Hiero for him
 Resolved to rear
 That town in freedom 'neath the laws of Hyllus' rule.
 For in Aigimius' Doric school
 The sons of Pamphilus and Herakles—
 Who 'neath the slopes of wild Taygetus
 Are settled, dwelling at their ease—
 Have ever wished to bide. With fortune prosperous
 They quitted Pindus' clefts in ages distance-dim,
 Amyklæ gained, and dwelt in glory near
 The snowy steeds
 Of Leda's twins, abloom with fame of warlike deeds.

Grant, Zeus who hearest prayer,
 In years to come
 That kings and citizens by Aménanus' burn
 May truth from falsehood aye discern.
 Let Hiero a guiding-star arise
 His son to lead, his folk in honour hold,
 And both in quiet harmonize.
 I pray thee, Kronos' son, their warcry overbold
 Let not Phoinikian nor Tyrrhenian foemen dare
 To shout again, but keep them still at home,
 And ponder well
 The lamentable loss that all their fleet befell

At Cumæ when,
 By Syracuse's lord subdued, their men
 He bade to throw
 Forth from their speedy ships into the sea ;
 And from the heavy bonds of slavery
 All Hellas freed. From Salamis the fame
 Of Athens I will chant for meed ; the deadly fight
 At Sparta sing, that nigh
 Kithairon's heights was fought, whereby
 The Persian host of bent-bowed archers came
 To ruin ; while to laud the kin

Of great Deinomenes my hymn of praise shall flow
 Of deeds in Himera's well-watered glen
 Achieved, wherein
 Their enemies were put to flight.

 If at the season meet
 One lift his voice
 Twisting his many threads to one diminished strand,
 Less hard will be man's critic-brand
 Of blame ; for evermore satiety
 Tarnishes eager hopes : a townsman's ears
 Do ne'er so much in secrecy
 Weigh down his soul, as when a friend's success he hears.
 Yet pass not honours by, for envy is more sweet
 Than pity. Guide with honest helm the choice
 Of yonder throng :
 On Truth's good anvil forge the arrows of thy tongue.

 For if a syllable
 Of folly fall
 Out of thy mouth, 'tis deemed of moment, being thine :
 Thy every good or evil sign
 A host of trusty witnesses observe :
 Of many people thou hast stewardship.

Thy native bloom of heart preserve ;
 And if thou lovest to have thy praise on every lip
 Shrink not from spending : loose the sail that breezes swell,
 Like wary skipper. Be not snared withal
 By cozening cheats.
 'Tis posthumous renown that tongue to tongue repeats

Alone may show,
 Dear friend, the life of mortals hence who go,
 By minstrelsy
 And story-tellers' faithful histories.
 The kindly worth of Kroisus never dies ;
 And Phalaris, of the burning brazen bull
 And cruel mind, has earned an infamous renown
 Wide as the world, and ne'er
 Do tuneful citterns let him share
 Their joyance when the banquet-hall is full
 Of carols of the gentle train
 Of boys. The first of prizes is prosperity,
 The second good repute ; but he, below
 Who both may gain
 And keep, has won the highest crown.

2. To Hiero of Syracuse.

O Syracuse, thou mighty capital,
 Domain of Ares deep in schemes of war,
 Thou nurse divine
 Of men and steeds that joy in brazen gear to shine,
 From wealthy Thebes I come
 To bear my sonnet home,
 That tells the triumph of the four-horse car
 Earth-shaking, well-appointed, wherewithal
 The crown, whose jewels glow
 The farthest, Hiero
 Round his Ortygia's head rejoiced to twine ;
 The seat of Artemis the river-maid,
 Without whose aid
 His gentle hands had striven in vain
 To tame the horses reined with many-coloured rein.

For she, the arrow-loving maid, confers
 By help of Hermes, lord of every game,

With both her hands
 Effulgent graciousness on him ; with harness-bands
 When to the chariot gay
 And wheels that aye obey
 The rein he yokes his steeds of mighty frame ;
 And on the potent trident-brandisher's
 Assistance calls. The meed
 Of song for noble deed
 Of kingly worth for kings of other lands
 Have other poets fashioned. Kinyras
 Full often has
 His Kyprus' minstrelsy inspired ;
 The cherished priest of Aphrodite's altar, sired

By golden-haired Apollo's tender love.
 For pious gratitude
 Repaying deeds of good
 Thereto impels. But thee, son of Deinomenes,
 The maiden sings in Lokris of the West
 Before her doors, for through thy power
 She dwells in safety at this hour,
 From helpless terrors freed of threatening enemies.
 Obeying the behest
 Of gods above,

Bound on his wingèd wheel, they say,
 That whirls for ever every way,
 Ixion cries to men, " Oh make it your delight
 Whoe'er to you is kind with kindness to requite."

And dearly too the lesson he had learned :
 For when he lived with Kronos' gracious kin
 A life of bliss,
 The surfeit of success in pride he took amiss ;
 And madly passion-led
 Aspired to Hera's bed,
 The joyous bed that only Zeus may win.
 But insolence to guilt surpassing turned
 His heart, and speedily
 In matchless anguish he
 Met his deserts. A twofold crime was his
 That wrought the pains, which evermore accurst
 He bears : that first
 Of mortal race in kindred blood
 His hands, and not without deception, he imbrued ;

And next that in her chambers vast and dim
 The bed-fellow of Zeus he durst assail.
 Sore need it is

That each should see the bounds of his capacities.

For lawless marriage ties

In ceaseless miseries

Have often plunged their seeker. Hark the tale.

A phantom of enjoyment cheated him ;

For, knowing not his case,

He clasped in love's embrace

A cloud whose form assumed the symmetries

Of Kronos' heaven-enthronèd child. The wile

Him to beguile

The hands of Zeus contrived, and pain

In beauty masked : and so Ixion gat a chain

Through wheel-spokes four enwound for his despite ;

A living death ; and there,

In fetters he shall ne'er

Escape, the message he received to bruit abroad.

But she—no kindly Grace at hand appeared—

A lonely son produced alone,

A monstrous wight, who never shone

In company with man nor feared the laws of God ;

But by his mother reared,

Kentaurus hight,

With wild Magnetian mares would lie

On Pelion's wooded spurs, whereby
 A wondrous army sprang to life, whose figures show
 Both parents' likeness, sire's above, and dam's below.

God to accomplishment alone can bring
 His every hope ; god, who can overtake
 The eagle's wing,
 And pass the dolphin by when fastest traversing
 The ocean's vast expanse,
 And human arrogance
 Can humble in the dust, and others make
 For ever famous. Fain would I the sting
 Of deadly slander flee.
 For I have seen, though he
 Died long ago, how oft to wandering
 His evil-speaking drove censorious
 Archilochus,
 Battened on bitter words of hate.
 Where wealth and wisdom meet is man's most blest estate.

And such a lot, illustrious prince, is thine,
 In thoughts of liberality displayed ;
 Whose sovereign sway
 Many a host and well-embattled town obey.

And if it be averred
 That Hellas ever heard
 Of hero in the olden days, arrayed
 In wealth and honours that would thee outshine,
 Such vain contention is
 But utter foolishness.
 My galley flower-decked I'll mount to-day
 Chanting thy excellences. Courage rife
 For battle strife
 Becomes a youth ; and I declare
 Of such distinction thou hast found a boundless share ;

Now in the ranks where rival chariots strove,
 'Mid serried footmen now.
 And smooth although thy brow
 Thy counsels that might suit with grizzled tresses free
 My path from danger when thy praise I sing.
 Then hail ! Across the hoary sea
 This festive lay I send to thee
 Like merchandize of some Phoinikian argosy.
 Be willing, gracious king,
 To meet with love
 My gift of Kastoreän words,
 Set to Aiolian music's chords,

For this my seven-toned cittern's sake ; and be
 What thou hast learned thou art. Let children beauty see

In monkey-tricks, and shout their loud 'huzzas':
 But Rhadamanthus lasting happiness
 Has gained, for he
 Possessed a spirit void of all iniquity,
 And ne'er delighted in
 Deceptions from within,
 Such as are born of whisperers' finesse.
 The secret tales of slanderers, alas !
 Are double-edged for ill,
 Like foxes' natures. Still
 What gains this gainsayer's malignity ?
 Though sunken all the fishing-gear may be
 Deep in the sea,
 Yet like the cork above the net
 I float upon the waves, and am not even wet.

A fraudulent townsman's word must ever lack
 Weight with the good. Yet fawning everywhere
 He'll surely try
 Each cunning twist he knows. Not such an one am I
 In impudence. I love

To friends a friend to prove :
 A foe to foes, I hold it not unfair
 Now here now there by crooked paths to track
 Their feet in wolfish guise.
 The man who always tries
 Straightforwardly to act, and hates a lie,
 Advances every rule ; or be it thrall
 Monarchical,
 Or clamorous mob-government,
 Or wise men's statesmanship. 'Tis well to rest content

With God's decision, who will now uplift
 The one, and by-and-bye
 Superiority
 To others give. But this arrangement pleasures naught
 The jealous souls : their vast ambitions draw
 Too long a line, and in their heart
 Plant many a wound of painful smart,
 Ere they attain the end of all their anxious thought.
 The yoke of present law
 As heaven's gift
 To bear as lightly as he can
 About his neck is best for man.
 'Tis slippery travelling to kick against the goad.
 Welcome amongst the good be ever my abode !

3. To Hiero of Syracuse.

OH would to heaven,
 If my poor voice may speak the common tongue's refrain,
 Life from the dead were given
 To Cheiron son of Philyre,
 Ouranian Kronos' mighty seed,
 Amongst the glades of Pelion again
 In majesty to reign ;
 A wildwood brute to look upon indeed,
 But souled with all a man's humanity ;
 Such as he was when he of old Asklepius nursed,
 Soft anodynes' kind author, first
 To give relief to pain's severest smart
 And bid disease depart.

 Him ere the child
 Of Phlegyas the horseman bore, her latest throe
 Assisted by the mild

Midwifely Eileithuia, she
 Went,—on her bed of travail slain
 By shafts from Artemis's golden bow,—
 To Hades' home below :
 Apollo planned her end. The enmity
 Of Zeus's children never wakes in vain.
 And she in waywardness had slighted him, and wed
 Another suitor, though her bed
 Without her father's knowledge she had shared
 With Phoibos flowing-haired,

 And bare his fruit divine within her womb.
 Yet chose she not the festival to wait
 That welcomes new-wed brides, nor list the mingled cry
 Of hymeneal revelry,
 Which comrade maidens of a like estate
 With serenade delight to come
 And carol when the sun is set :
 But craved a something lacking yet.
 Not seldom thus it is :
 There is a tribe of men that scoff
 At present good and peer far off
 In search of future bliss ;
 Insensate fools, who hunt with zeal

And hopes that no fruition feel
 Unreal phantasies !

And such a blind
 O'erpowering spirit of bewilderment possessed
 Fair-robed Koronis' mind.
 A stranger came from Arcady ;
 And she to his soliciting
 Gave ear : the sin was not without attest ;
 For at his own behest
 Great Loxias himself, her temple's king,
 At sheep-receiving Pytho chanced to be ;
 And from his fellow true, his own prophetic soul
 Omniscient, he learned the whole ;
 Who never lies, whom never god nor man
 Deceives in act or plan.

Where Ischys, son
 Of Eilatus, had lain when he became aware ;
 And how the wrong was done
 By fraud, his sister dread, with wrath
 Resistless boiling o'er, he sent
 To Lakereia. For the girl did bide
 Boibiis' banks beside.

Another god procured her punishment,
 Turning her footsteps to an evil path.
 And many of her neighbours shared her fate, and died
 With her ; as on the mountain side
 Fire from a single spark has oft been known
 To burn a forest down.

But when her kinsmen on the wooden wall
 The damsel laid, and all around it shone
 Hephaistus' greedy fire with many a leap and jet,
 Then spake Apollo, " I not yet
 Have heart to bear that offspring of my own
 So piteous ending shall befall,
 Because his hapless mother died."
 He spoke. With one tremendous stride
 The blazing pyre he clomb ;
 The flames to either side were cleft,
 As quick the babe unborn he reft
 From his dead mother's womb :
 Whom to the Kentaur straight he bore
 To Thrace, to learn the healing lore
 That rescues from the tomb.

There all who came—

Though long companionship with sores self-nurtured
 Had gnawed away their frame,
 Or cold gray steel, or massive stone
 Had struck by some far slinger slung,
 Or summer's heat or damps by winter shed
 Their strength had minishèd—
 This way and that he rid of pain ; he sung
 Soft strains of incantation over one,
 Gave others soothing draughts, and healing salves around
 The aching limbs of others bound ;
 And some whose wounds were quite incurable
 He made by cutting well.

 But evil greed
 Of gain has captive made even Philosophy.
 And for a mighty need
 E'en him did proffered gold persuade
 From Hades' realm to bring again
 A man whom Death had ta'en. But speedily
 His bolt of destiny
 The son of Kronos hurled with might and main
 Through both their breasts, and took their breath, and dead
 Bright lightning healer laid and healed. At heaven's hand
 No mortal e'er should more demand

Than mortal heart befits; the fact should see,
 And what is our degree.

Affect not, sweet my soul, in froward pride
 A life that knows no end, but manfully
 Do what thou find'st to hand. If prudent Cheiron dwelt
 Still in his cave, and I could melt
 His heart with honied hymns' soft melody,
 I now had won him to provide
 Some son of Phoibos or his sire
 For godly folk to cool the fire
 Of fever's suffering ;
 Who dark Ionia's boisterous sea
 In swiftest barque should cross with me
 To cure my friend the king,
 Who reigns in Etna's citadel,
 Beneath whose walls the waters well
 From Arethusa's spring.

Right royally
 His Syracuse he rules, to all her citizens
 Full of benignity ;
 Not envying good men's renown,
 To strangers kind as sire to son.

Could I have come empowered to dispense
 The double recompense
 Of golden health and song of prizes won
 At Pytho, adding splendour to the crown
 At Kirrha gained by Pherenikus' victory ;
 Then over yon abyss of sea
 More radiant had my coming's brightness been
 Than heaven's starry sheen.

 But I will pray
 The Mother whom, with Pan, the maids before my door
 Address in night-long lay,
 The solemn goddess. Hiero,
 If thou hast skill to read aright
 The sum of saws, thou knowest well of yore
 From wise men gone before
 The deathless ones on mortals in their spite
 One benefit are wonted to bestow
 For two mishaps ; and fools this limited success
 Can hardly bear with seemliness :
 The good know better, making it their pride
 To show the brighter side.

Thee happy fates attend : for greatness aye

Looks on a king who guides his people's choice
More than on other folk. But bliss without a flaw

Nor Aiakus' son Peleus saw,
Nor godlike Kadmus, by the common voice

Though happiest of men were they ;

Who heard the Muses sing upon

The wooded sides of Pelion

With golden-snooded head,

And seven-gated Thebes within :

Where one was blest enough to win

For partner of his bed

Harmonia of the splendid eyes ;

And one the child of Nereus wise,

Illustrious Thetis, wed.

With both of them

The gods had feasted : both the progeny had seen

Of Kronos' royal stem

King-like on golden thrones present

Their wedding-gifts. From labours past

They rested, and they made their hearts serene

Through grace of Zeus : but teen

Most sharp a little later overcast

And robbed of all his share of merriment

The one, through sore mishaps that all his daughters three
 Involved in sorest misery —
 'Twas father Zeus himself who visited
 White-armed Thyone's bed.—

The other's child,
 In Phthia whom immortal Thetis bore alone,
 When by the arrow stilled
 His spirit fled amid the war,
 Wrung, as he burned upon the pyre,
 From Hellas' host an universal moan.
 But if a man have known
 The way of truth, he still should more desire
 That heaven may prosper him. Inconstant are
 The breathings of the winds that sport beneath the sky ;
 And thus with man's felicity,
 When most the tide is running full and strong
 It will not tarry long.

Lowly in lowly case, and great in great,
 Will I be. I will alway reverence
 The fortune that attends me most religiously
 With all my means ; but, if to me
 The gods should ample store of wealth dispense,

Good hope have I that decorate
With high renown my name will go
To after folk. We Nestor know,
Lykian Sarpedon too,
By tales in sounding song set forth
Which skilful wrights have fashioned. Worth
Becomes eternal through
Illustrious poesy. But they
Who thus achieve an easy way
To glory are but few.

4. To Arkesilas of Kyrene.

A cherished friend to-day
 Thou must arouse thee to attend, my Muse,
 Well-horsed Kyrene's king ;
 That with Arkesilas's revelling
 Thou mayest speed upon its way
 The gladsome breath of sacred carol due
 To Leto's children two,
 And Pytho, where the priestess erst,
 Who sits beside the golden birds of Zeus,
 While Phoibos stood anigh, proclaimed that Eattus first
 Should fruitful Libya colonize,
 And quit his holy isle, and bid a town,
 Whose charioteers should gain a glorious renown,
 Above her chalky hill arise :

And brought to mind again,
 When generations seventeen were gone,

The word Medeia spake
 At Thera, when Aietes' daughter brake
 Her silence in a deathless strain.
 Thus Kolchis' fiery princess cried unto
 Warlike Iason's crew
 Of sailor demigods, "Ye seed
 Of gods, and men of mettle every one,
 Harken ! From this seabeaten land it is decreed
 That in the days to come shall rise
 A child of Epaphus, a daughter fair,
 To plant the germ of towns adorned with human care
 Within Zeus-Ammon's boundaries.

Short-finnèd dolphins there
 They shall exchange for horses fleet, for oars
 Shall handle reins, and chariots drive
 Whose wheels shall thunderous be as whirlwind-storm.
 That this shall be their fare,
 And Thera shall the mother city be
 Of many a powerful colony,
 That omen is the pledge which, where the lake out-pours
 For Triton named, the god in human form
 Was resolute to give ;
 The clod, which from his prow as host-gift to receive

Euphemus lighted down, and such good hap
Zeus, Kronos' son, affirmed with lucky thunderclap.

Just as the sailors weighed
The anchor cheeked with brass, quick Argo's bit,
He came beside. Before
For twelve long days our ship from Ocean's shore
We carried, where no grateful shade
Earth's desert ridges tempered.—This design
To beach our craft was mine.—
'Twas then the lonely god appeared,
His form and every feature shaped to fit
The semblance bright of one whom all of us revered;
And some few friendly words addressed
To usward, such as hosts benevolent
Who make a feast are wont to speak of kind intent
To every fresh-arriving guest.

But our unfeignèd pleas
Of eagerness to reach our own sweet home
Precluded stay : then he
Eurypylus professed himself to be,
Son of divine Ennosides
The earth-encircler. He could understand

Our haste. With his right hand
 He grasped at once a lump of clay
 Where he was standing, as it chanced to come,
 And friendly sought to give it : not to say him Nay
 Euphemus straightway leapt ashore,
 And hand from hand received the clod divine.
 Which from our ship, I hear, was washed, and in the brine
 Was whelmed amid the billows hoar.

At dusk of eventide
 It happened in the watery main to sink.
 Yet oft had I on all enjoined,
 Who shared my toils, to guard the treasure well :
 My care was nullified
 By their neglect. And now th' immortal seed
 Of boundless Libya, ere 'twas need,
 Bestrews this isle. For if at home, by Hades' brink,
 To Tainarus' god-guarded citadel
 The clod had been consigned
 By him the ocean-king of steed-subduing mind
 Poseidon gat, Euphemus, whom of yore
 Europa, Tityos' child, beside Kephissus bore ;

His sons of fourth degree

Had with their Danaan kindred occupied
 That wide-spread continent.
 For then had happed a vast self-banishment
 From Lakedaimon's chieftaincy,
 And from Mykenai, and from Argos' bay.
 But now, alack the day,
 In foreign arms he must beget
 A chosen race who, when they shall have hied
 God-helped to Thera's isle, in ages distant yet
 Shall sire the man predestinate
 To lord it o'er the plains of sable cloud ;
 Whom Phoibos in his house with wealth of gold endowed
 Shall warn in oracles of fate

 At once from Pytho's shrine
 To go, and afterwards his host in ships
 To lead across the sea
 To Kronian Neilus' fertile boundary."

 Such, slowly uttered line by line,
 Was dread Medeia's prophecy ; and they,
 The demi-gods, her lay
 Of lore sagacious moveless heard,
 And held their breath in awe with silent lips.
 O blessed son of Polymnestus, that one word,

Spoke by the Delphic prophet-bee
 With unsuggested cry, thus welcoming
 Thee thrice, 'All hail !' proclaiming thee the fated king
 Of rich Kyrene, righted thee :

When thou wert questioning
 What recompense th' immortals would demand
 To cure thy speech so blurred and lame.
 And ever since and still, as in the height
 Of purple-blossomed spring,
 Eight generations of thy children thrive ;
 And Phoibos now and Pytho give
 Arkesilas, from all that dwell around her land,
 Th' applause wherewith her chariot-race is dight ;
 And him intent I am
 To dedicate unto the Muses, with the ram
 Of golden fleece, for that the Minyæ
 Sought, when there rose for them divine celebrity.

What cause to sail the sea
 Was theirs ? What peril's nails of adamant
 Bound them the quest to try ?
 The gods had said that Pelias should die
 Through the illustrious progeny

Of Aiolus, by schemes inflexible
 Or force. The oracle
 Of freezing purport, uttered next
 The shady mother's central radiant,
 Came back and ever back in dreams, and sorely vexed
 His anxious soul, "On every hand
 The single-sandalled watch with strictest care ;
 Should such an one come down from lofty mountain-lair
 To famed Iolkos' sunny land,

 At once a citizen
 And foreigner." And so he came at last,
 A wondrous man to view,
 With javelins twain, and double garments too :
 One, which Magnetia's countrymen
 Wear, fitted close his shapely limbs within,
 And one, a leopard-skin,
 From shuddering tempest shelter gave :
 Nor were his curling tresses shorn nor cast
 Away, but down his back fell rippling wave on wave.
 And straight with swift unflinching pace,
 To make of his undaunted spirit test,
 The market-place he sought, and stood where thickest pressed
 The city's rabble populace.

They recognised him not ;
 But one of them that gazed in wonder said,
 " This man can scarce Apollo be ;
 And yet he is not Aphrodite's spouse
 The brazen-carred, I wot ;
 And, story tells, in Naxos' vineyards' shade
 Iphimedeia's sons are laid,
 Otus, and thou, O bold king Ephialtes, dead.
 And Tityus, all the common talk allows,
 An arrow suddenly
 Brought down, from Artemis' unconquered sheath set free :
 To teach that none should dare to aim above
 What he may fairly reach, who dreams the dream of love."

And so they gossiped on
 With mutual response, till Pelias
 In polished wagon placed
 Mule-drawn arrived in hurry's headlong haste :
 And as his vision lit upon
 The well-known sandal bound about one foot
 Alone, with horror mute
 He sat awhile ; then strove to hide
 The fear within his heart. " What country as
 Thine own dost thou pretend to, stranger guest ?", he cried

“What hoary-locked old woman bare
 ‘Thee on the earth? With lies that all detest
 Defile not thou thy mouth, but from a truthful breast
 The story of thy birth declare !”

Boldly the youth replied
 In gentle accents, “Cheiron’s lore I bring :
 For from his cave I come,
 From Philyre’s and dear Chariklo’s home,
 Where holy maids, the Kentaur’s pride,
 My childhood nurtured whilst I was a child.
 But now that I’ve fulfilled
 A score of years—nor word nor deed
 Dishonest ill-repaid their nurturing—
 I have come home to claim again the ancient meed
 Of honour which my father bore,
 Where others now by means iniquitous
 Bear rule, the throne which Zeus conferred on Aiolus
 And on his sons in time of yore.

For Pelias, I hear,
 Gave rein to pallid thoughts of jealousy,
 And stripped by fraud and violence
 My royal parents of their olden right ;

And they in deadly fear
 Of that o'erweening tyrant's wanton mood,
 When first in newest babyhood
 I saw the light,—while all the maids a doleful cry
 Set up, and all the house with mourning dight
 Assumed a vain pretence
 Of grief for one just dead,—in secret sent me hence
 Wrapped in my crimson cradle-clothes, my guide
 The starlit night, to grow at Kronian Cheiron's side.

Now that my history
 Ye know in brief, O trusty citizens,
 As clearly tell me where
 My parents lived, who used to drive their pair
 Of milk-white steeds. Not strangerly
 I tread a foreign soil, but, Aïson's child,
 Come home ; and yonder wild
 Brute-shapèd being half divine
 Iason named and called me 'mongst his glens."
 He spake. And, as he came anigh, his father's eyne
 Saw and acknowledged him, and then
 The tear-drops through his agèd eyelids welled
 For joy of heart that he his darling son beheld
 Grown up the handsomest of men.

Hearing the glorious cheer
 Aison's two brethren joined their gathering,
 One Hypereia's well
 Leaving, and one Messene's citadel—
 This dwelt far off, and that anear—
 Pheres and Amythaon, and with them,
 A sprig of either stem,
 Admetus and Melampous made
 Their cousin welcome. He with banqueting
 And gracious words received the festive cavalcade,
 All kindly hospitality
 Providing fitly. Five long days and nights
 In all good fellowship they culled the sweet delights
 Of unrestricted revelry.

But on the sixth new day
 To all his kin the lad with earnest word
 His story from the outset told.
 They all assented : quickly from his seat
 With them he took his way
 To Pelias' abode, and therewithin
 Impetuous they stood. The din
 When he, the lovelock-wearing Tyro's offspring, heard,
 He came at once his visitors to meet.

And then Iason bold
 In gentle language all his counsel 'gan unfold,
 A sure substructure laying first whereon
 Wise words to build. "Rock-sundering Poseidon's son,

The minds of men are swift
 Successful craft to justice to prefer ;
 Although they know the sting
 They meet with in the morrow's reckoning.
 Come then, do thou and I uplift
 Our souls to higher laws, and reining wrath
 Work for ourselves a path
 Of happiness. My tale I tell
 To one that knows it. Kretheus was of her
 Born, who the resolute Salmoneus bare as well :
 And we their third descendants see
 The golden sun in glory. Ill-content
 The Fates withdraw, where those of one descent
 Quarrel, for very modesty.

'Twould ill beseem us twain
 The mighty honours of our ancestry
 With brazen swords and spears
 To dissipate, the gains of olden years.

So I agree that thou retain
 The sheep, the yellow herds of beeves, the lands
 Which from my father's hands
 Thou took'st and now dost cultivate,
 Swelling thy wealth—nor aught it vexes me
 That these illicit gains enrich thine old estate—
 So thou on thy part be not loth
 The royal wand and throne, where Aison sate
 His knightly people's strifes by law to regulate,
 Without renewed distress to both

 To render us again,
 Lest some fresh evil hap thereout arise."
 Thus spake Iason. Tyro's heir
 As gently answered, "As thou sayest I
 Will be : but all the train
 Of age's ills already me attend :
 With thee the bloom of youth, my friend,
 Is just at flood, and thou the ire canst neutralize
 Of those beneath the earth. For Phrixus' cry
 Bids us in haste repair
 To far Aietes' realm, and thence his spirit bear
 Back home, and fetch the ram's long-haired fleece,
 By which from angry seas he once obtained release

And from the godless aim
 Of his step-mother's darts. A vision fair
 Comes, and addresses me
 In this strange manner. I to Kastaly
 To seek of her diviners came
 If aught were there revealed. And there they bade
 A ship at once be made,
 And me to sail it. This decree
 If thou consent to perfect, I will swear
 To pass the throne and all my kingly power to thee.
 Let Zeus this pact of ours attest,
 A mighty witness, guardian-god of both."
 They all then went their ways having affirmed the oath.
 But brave Iason hot for quest

His heralds far and wide
 Dispatched his instant sailing to proclaim.
 And quickly heroes three
 Came to him, Kronian Zeus's progeny,—
 And two were lovely Leda's pride,
 The other restless-eyed Alkmene bore,—
 All tireless men of war.
 And other twain with crested locks,
 The seed of dread Ennosides, there came

From Pylos and from Tainarus' projecting rocks,
 Half-shamed because they were so strong,
 Euphemus clept and Periklymenus
 The stalwart-thewed : and, sprung from Phoibos, glorious
 Orpheus, the lyrist, sire of song.

Twin brothers Hermes sent,
 Who wields the rod of gold, the toil to share
 Throughout. Echion one was hight
 The other Eurytus, both brimming o'er
 With youth and merriment.
 And swiftly they who dwelt about the root
 Of far Pangaius followed suit,
 Zetes and Kalaïs. With willing, cheerful, air
 Their father Boreäs, who rules the roar
 Of stormy winds, for fight
 Equipped them well, and both about their backs were dight
 With purple feathers. Hera stooped to fire
 The demi-gods with such o'erpowering sweet desire

Of Argo's crew to be,
 That none would stay behind to pass his days
 At home in sodden ease
 From danger free, but e'en to death would seize

The fairest meed of bravery
 Amid his fellows. When the peerless host
 To rich Iolkos' coast
 Came down prepared to dare the sea,
 Iason told them o'er with words of praise.
 And Mopsus then, the seer well skilled in augury,
 In gladness his prophetic tongue
 Unloosed, and by the birds and lots divine
 Bade all aboard. But when the anchors o'er the brine
 Well lashed above the beak they hung,

 The chieftain on the poop,
 Claspng a golden bowl betwixt his hands,
 Gan call on Zeus the sire
 Of th' heavenly race, who wields the lance of fire,
 And on the speed-imparting swoop
 Of waves and winds ; and favourable days
 And nights and watery ways
 Implored, and, all success to crown,
 The blessèd lot to see their native lands
 Once more. From out the clouds in thunder came adown —
 Auspicious answer : brilliantly
 The lightning-flashes through the welkin broke :
 These signs of heaven's assent the heroes trusting, took

Therefrom fresh energy ; and he,

The portent-gazer, cried
 “ In with your oars,” and pleasant hopes held out.
 Then stroke on stroke there followèd
 The toil of hands that plied the ceaseless oar ;
 And o’er the foaming tide
 By southern breezes wafted speedily,
 The inlet of th’ Unfriendly sea
 They reached, and for marine Poseidon fenced about
 A consecrated close : some roving score
 Of Thrace’s bullocks red
 Beside an altar grazed but newly finishèd
 With hollow top of stone : and there they prayed
 The lord of ships, or ere the danger they essayed,

That scathless they might flee
 The furious onset of the Clashing Rocks.
 For islets two there were,
 Alive, and each on other wont to bear
 With headlong rush more speedily
 Than ranks of roaring winds. That vessel fraught
 With demigods had brought
 Their doom. But when to Phasis’ shore

The heroes came, it cost a few good knocks
 On Kolchis' dusky folk well-planted, when before
 Aietes' self they came. And she,
 Who owns the barbèd shafts that sharpest sting,
 Down from Olympus brought the wryneck, leg and wing
 Bound on the wheel that none may free.

The Kypriot deity
 First gave that painted crazy bird to men ;
 And spells of prayer and lay
 Taught Aison's prudent son, to take away
 Medeia's virgin modesty,
 And reverence to sires by children due,
 And plant her heart anew
 With longing, burning, mad, desire
 Of Hellas through Persuasion's urging. Then
 She showed him all the tasks of strength with which her sire
 To test his prowess purposèd ;
 And gave him, mingled with his wrestler's oil,
 An antidote for harms ; and promised, when his toil
 Was over, she with him would wed.

But when Aietes pressed
 Into their midst the adamantine plough,

And brought the bulls, whose yellow jaws
 For breath exhaled a flame of burning levin,
 Whose brazen hoofs' unrest
 Smote clanging on the ground alternately,
 Beneath the yoke unaided he
 Led them ; and drove them straight as if by measure through
 The meadow's loamy back : the share was driven
 A fathom's length. Applause
 Followed. Then spake he, " If the king, who gives his laws
 To ships, this work of mine can end to-day,
 Then let him take yon wearless coverlet away,

 Yon fleece with golden wool
 Resplendent." When he stopped, his saffron cloak
 Iason doffed, and bold
 In heavenly aidance on the work took hold.
 Through his wise hostess' wonderful
 Behests the fire had lost its power to vex :
 And round the bullocks' necks,
 Seizing the plough right manfully,
 He cast and made secure compulsion's yoke,
 And on their vasty flanks the goad incessantly
 Applied ; and thus by violence
 The task assigned the youth completed. Low

Aietes groaned within himself to see it so,
 Jealous of such omnipotence.

But all his company
 Reached to such courage hands of friendliness,
 And gathered off the ground
 The fragrant meadow herbs, whereof they wound
 Him wreaths, and spake him lovingly.
 And then the wondrous son of Helios
 Told how the luminous
 Skin still was lying where the knife
 Of Phrixus stretched it out. And ne'ertheless
 He hoped that task would cost the stranger youth his life.
 For far within a coppice laid
 By an enormous dragon's teeth 'twas held,
 Whose length and bulk a ship of fifty oars excelled
 By blows of iron mallets made.

Along the broad high way
 Far might I travel ; but my hour is nigh.
 A pathway short I know full well
 Most other bards surpassing in this lore.
 His arts availed to slay
 The gray-eyed serpent with the mottled skin,

Arkesilas, and with it win
 Medeia not unpleased, who Pelias to die
 Betrayed. And thence they gained the Ocean's shore,
 And past the Red Sea's swell
 To Lemnos' island came, whose women, strange to tell,
 Their lords had slain, and there for garments wove
 In feats of manly strength and hardihood they strove,

And consorts took at will.
 And then on foreign soil the fated days
 Or nights received the seed
 Of your oncoming glory : bright indeed
 Its primal radiance shone, for still
 The race new-planted by Euphemus there
 For evermore is fair
 From age to age ; and later, blent
 With Lakedaimon's sons' more hardy ways,
 To th' island styled of old 'the Lovely Isle' they went :
 And thence to you the Libyan plain
 The son of Leto gave to hance, and spread
 The honours of the gods, and o'er the city, head
 Of golden-throned Kyrene, reign ;

For ye the paths had found

Of prudent counsels. Now the wisdom learn
 Of Oidipous, I pray.
 If from a huge old oak one lop away
 The branches stretching far around
 With sharpened axe, and all its beauty mar ;
 Though leafless, fruitless, are
 Its limbs, yet witness still it shows
 Of its old nature ; if at last to burn
 In winter fire it comes, or, where the columns' rows
 Lift lordly heads upright, the weight
 Supports of all the miserable style
 That decorates the walls of foreign owners, while
 Its ancient place is desolate.

A mediciner thou art
 Most opportune, and Paian holds thy light
 In honour. He a gentle hand
 Should bring who tends a suppurating wound.
 'Tis but a coward part
 And lightly played to set a state at odds ;
 But oh ! 'tis hard, unless the gods
 Consent beyond their wont to guide the helm aright
 For them that rule, again to render sound
 A plague-afflicted land.

Yet such a lot for thee by special grace is planned,
 Arkesilas. Oh be it thine to dare
 On thy Kyrene's weal to lavish all thy care.

Do thou consider too,
 And put in practice, this Homeric saw,
 "A worthy messenger
 On every matter honour will confer."
 So to my Muse shall now accrue
 Honour from worthy message. Long was known
 Throughout Kyrene's town
 And Battus' most renownèd hall
 How well Demophilus obeyed the law :
 For whilst among the lads he still was young yet all
 His counsels showed the practiced sense
 Of elders who a hundred years have lived :
 Ill tongues of all their loud assurance he deprived,
 And hatred learned of insolence ;

Nor ever 'gainst the good
 Strove he, nor wasted time with long delay.
 For opportunity
 Is slow to come for men and swift to flee ;
 And well he knows her fickle mood,

And waits on her, her henchman not her slave.

The worst of griefs men have

Is happiness to know, and be

Therefrom by cruel fate shut out, they say.

Far from his father-land and all his property

He like another Atlas now

Is struggling with the heavens. But deathless Zeus

The Titan host released. Their canvas sailors loose

When once the storm has ceased to blow.

And still he hopes and prays

That, when he shall have drunken to the dregs

The bitter cup of misery,

Once more he may behold his home ; and, where

Apollo's fountain plays,

May oftentimes when brims the flowing bowl

To youthful joyance give his soul ;

Or, bearing on his arm his lute of many pegs,

Contented converse with the wise may share,

Nor plotting injury

Nor harmed of others. There perhaps he'll tell how he,

Arkesilas, has found a fount for thee

Of song divine, when late in Thebes a refugee.

5. To Arkesilas of Byrene.

STRONG is the sceptre riches sway,
 When Fortune puts them in the way
 Of mortal man,
 With virtue never soiled by slip
 To dwell in loving fellowship ;
 And since thy childhood 'gan
 Its baby steps, above the rest,
 Arkesilas, thou hast been blest
 With both by lot divine :
 And glory's palm is thy reward
 Through Kastor's aid the golden-carred ;
 Who after winter's tempests dark and drear
 Has bid thy hearth rejoice with happy cheer
 And bright sunshine.

But even gifts th' immortals send
 The wise apply to better end :

And on thy road
 Of justice thou art compassèd
 With much success ; for thou art head
 Of countries great and broad,—
 Because thy born nobility,
 This rank most reverend on thee
 Imposing, occupies
 Thy very soul ;—and further still
 Because by Pytho's famous hill
 Thy steeds have had the bliss the prize to gain,
 And from thy people now thou hear'st the strain
 Of triumphs rise,

Wherein Apollo joys. So ne'er forget,
 Whilst thou art hymned in thy Kyrene's lays
 Round Aphrodite's garden sweet,
 For all success the god to praise.
 And in thy friendship let
 Karrhotus hold preëminence of place ;
 For not excuse he brought,
 The child of tardy-minded After-thought,
 Returning to the home of Battus' royal race ;
 But, nigh the stream of Kastaly
 Where rival chariots meet

Made welcome, with the meed of victory,
 A garland fair,
 Has bound thy kingly hair :

Which in that famous course he won
 Where circles twelve are swiftly run :
 Nor, when 'twas o'er,
 Did splintered wood or damaged rein
 Or harness chafed betray the strain ;
 But all the work he bore,
 That dextrous smiths had wrought of old
 With ivory inlaid and gold,
 And crossing Krisa's hill
 In Phoibos' hollow glen he hung :
 Close by the man that bowmen sprung
 From Krete set in Parnassus' temple, hewed
 From one big block, a beam of cypress-wood
 Upholds it still.

So must thou one, who heaps on thee
 Renown, receive benignantly

With willing mind.
 And thee, Alexibiades,
 Those lovely-tressèd goddesses,

'The Graces, have combined
 To make illustrious. And blest
 Thou art, from grievous toils to rest,
 And get from poet's hand
 Unequalled song's memorial:
 Because, where forty met their fall,
 Thy dauntless courage drove thy car safe home ;
 And thence to Lybia's plain thou now art come,
 Thy fatherland.

None is nor has been nor shall ever be
 Without his share of toil. Yet Battus' race
 His old good luck has followèd
 In evil as in happy case ;
 A tower of majesty
 To citizens, a light of clearest ray
 To strangers. Him before
 The lions fled for fear with sullen roar,
 When sounds unknown he brought them o'er the salt sea-spray.
 'Twas Phoibos, who his army sent,
 That gave the beasts to dread ;
 Lest for Kyrene's master ill event
 Should falsify
 His gift of prophecy.

He from disease's sorest smart
 To men and women can impart
 Relief ; he brought
 The lyre to earth ; he grants the Muse
 Of song to whomsoe'er he choose ;
 He stills unruly thought,
 And wins the bosom strife-distrest
 To gentleness and law and rest ;
 He haunts the mystic cave
 Whereby in Lakedaimon's towers,
 In Argos, Pylos' heavenly bowers,
 He set the stalwart seed of Herakles,
 And old Aigimius' sons. The mightiness
 Of Sparta's brave

Engraved upon the roll of fame
 Is mine ; for thence my fathers came,
 For Aigeus called,
 To Thera by the god's advice ;
 And there the festal sacrifice
 Some fate anew installed ;
 And thence we too received the rite,
 Karneian Phoibos, who to-night
 In this thy festival

Extol well-built Kyrene's charms ;
 Which strangers clad in brazen arms,
 Antenor's Trojans, held, who hither came
 With Helen, having seen in smoke and flame
 Their country fall

The prey of Ares. Full of gladness they,
 Hasting with sacrifice and offering,
 Received the knightly company
 Whom Battus guided, opening
 The deep sea's pathless way
 For his swift-wingèd ships ; and first he made
 For all the host divine
 A wider precinct round a statelier shrine ;
 And then a straight-cut road with level paving laid
 For steeds to trample, when men wend
 Apollo's surgery
 Imploring. There beside the forum-end
 In lonely pride
 They laid him when he died.

•

Long as he lived on earth with men
 He lived in happiness, and then
 Was worshippèd

By all his folk as demi-god.
 But, each before his own abode,
 The other royal dead
 In holy calm apart repose,
 And, while the stream of song bestows
 Its soft refreshing dew
 On deeds of wondrous daring, hear
 In heart in that their nether sphere
 Their common honour and the grace their son
 Arkesilas right worthily has won ;
 Who 'midst the crew

Of youthful choristers must sing
 Praise to the golden-sworded king
 Of Pytho, whence
 The conqueror's triumphal hymn,
 His costs' reward, has come to him.
 Him all the folk of sense
 Applaud. His mind and tongue excel—
 'Tis but the common tale I tell—
 His years. In bravery
 A wide-winged eagle 'midst a flight
 Of fowls, a very wall in fight
 Unyielding, on the wings of song he soared

In childhood ; now his wisdom reaps th' award
Of victory

In Delphi's chariot-course. Undaunted he
Has dared each road to reach his people's praise.
Some kindly god has perfected
His powers now. In after days,
Ye blessèd Kronidæ,
Grant him in counsel wise as strong in thews
To live, that so no blast
Of Autumn's chilly tempest overcast
And spoil his later time. The sovereign will of Zeus
Directs the luck that waits upon
Those he has cherishèd.
And him I pray that great Olympia soon
May guerdon with
Her garland Battus' kith.

6. To Xenokrates of Akragas.

I BID ye hearken : for we turn again
 The harvest-field of Aphrodite restless-eyed,
 Or of the Graces, whilst we press
 The rock-hewn centre-stone to reach of noisy earth ;
 Where for the wealthy house of Emmenes,
 And stream-fed Akragas, and most for thee, Xenokrates,
 The Pythian victor's chiefest pride,
 A store of deathless song, is piled in readiness
 Beside Apollo's gold-adornèd hearth :

Which neither all the storms of driving rain,
 The ruthless army ranked in winter's roaring skies,
 Nor hurricane of winds shall drown,
 Bruised by rough shingles tossed beneath th' unresting sea
 Down in her deepest depths. But it shall tell,
 With countenance that gleams with light unquenchable,
 What, Thrasyboulus, glorifies

Thy sire and all his kin, the charioteer's renown
Of conquest gained in Kṛisa's coombs by thee.

And while with skill of hand from every foe
Thou win'st the prize, the just command thou keepest whole,
Which once the son of Philyre
On Peleus' stalwart child among the hills, they say,
Enjoined when sireless left. "Thy praise award
'To deep-toned Kronides above all gods, the lord
Of levin-flash and thunder-roll;
Nor e'er from parents while their fated weird they dree
Take this, the homage of thy hands, away."

Just such a disposition years ago
Stalwart Antilochus inspired, who died his sire
To save, abiding the attack
Of Memnon, Aithiopia's slaughter-loving chief.
For one of his two horses, pierced from far
By darts from Paris' bow, encumbered Nestor's car,
And brandishing his spear in ire
The old Messenian saw his foeman press his track,
And hailed with troubled soul his son's relief.

Nor fruitless fell to earth his loud appeal;

But on the spot that man of more than mortal clay

 Stood still, and purchased with his life

His sire's escape. His prodigy of work complete,

 He seemed of young men in the time of old

The palm for filial devotedness to hold.

 Those good old days have passed away ;

But Thrasyboulus 'mongst the lads that now are rife

 Our fathers' honoured standard best could meet ;

 Who pressing close upon his uncle's heel

Has showed his splendour. Yet to prudence he subdues

 High fortune ; prone to cultivate

Nor youth's mad lawlessness nor supercilious ease,

 But wisdom where the Muses' coverts be.

And still his loving soul, Poseidon, cleaves to thee,

 Earth-shaker, who wert first to use

The harnessed steed. With friends his sweetness is more great

 Than perforated comb of toiling bees.

7. To Megakles of Athens.

IMPERIAL Athens! with thy name I best may 'gin
 To build the basement of my lofty song,
 That lauds Alkmaion's sturdy kin
 For horsemanship. What country or what house
 More glorious
 Could poet name amid this earth's unceasing din
 To thrill Hellenic tongue?

For wheresoe'er the town be, 'tis a household word,
 The honour of Erechtheus' populace,
 Who have thy holy shrine restored
 In sacred Pytho beautiful to see,
 Apollo. Me
 Thy conquests and thy fathers'—five on Isthmus' sward,
 One in Olympia's race,

Surpassing, Zeus-conferred, and two

At Kirrha—lead to hymn thee, Megakles.

And much thy new success doth please

Me ; still I rue

That envy will not all thy merit spare

To cross. But, so they say,

Such stedfast, flourishing, success alway

Must good and evil bear.

8. To Aristomenes of Sigina.

O kindly Rest,
 Thou child of Law, in whom the thriving state is blest,
 Who hast the keys
 Supreme of council as of war,
 Deign to accept for Aristomenes
 The Pythian winner's honours. Thou
 Of ample knowledge art possessed
 When best the seasons fitting are
 To act the gentle part or suffer it, and how.

But whensoever
 One drives into his heart a grudge that will not spare,
 Indignantly
 Thou meet'st the onset of the foe,
 And layst his braggart powers in the sea.
 Unduly when Porphyryon

Provoked thee, he was unaware
 How sore a fate he challenged so.
 That gain is sweetest which from willing homes is won.

But violence
 E'en the vainglorious sort
 In time will overthrow ;
 The sin Typhoeus would not shun,
 Kilikia's monster of the hundred heads,
 Nor yet the Giant-King. And so they perished, one
 By Zeus's bolt, and one by Phoibos' bow :
 Who greets Xenarkes' son
 With kind benevolence,
 From Kirrha coming girt with conquests' meeds,
 Parnassus' bays and Doric sport.

The Graces' hand
 Cast not away in scorn yon honest sea-girt land,
 That long has nursed
 The virtues of the glorious
 Aiakidæ ; but perfect from the first
 She holds her fame. For often she
 Is hymned by the triumphal band,
 When in the strife victorious,

The battle of the swift, her hero progeny

Success attain :

Wherefore her fame is high for men of peerless strain.

I have not time

The whole of her long history

To utter to the lyre in dulcet rhyme ;

Lest surfeit coming cause annoy.

But at my feet her freshest gain

Is waiting me, my debt to thee ;

Let this have course on wings my art contrives, my boy.

For pressing on

Thy mother's brothers' path

In wrestle, no disgrace

Thou bring'st to Theognetus, who

Olympia's chaplet won, nor dimm'st the fame

Of Isthmic glories stout Kleitomachus's due :

But, aggrandizing thy Midylian race,

Thou show'st the saying true,

Which erst Oikleus' son

Spake darkly, when his comrades' children came

To seven-gated Thebes in wrath

From Argos land.
 Siege-lines a second time the Afterborn had manned ;
 And then he cried,
 Whileas he watched the doubtful field,
 "There glows in sons their father's native tide
 Of stubborn purpose. Perfectly
 My son, my own Alkmaion, stand
 Wielding, displayed on sanguine shield,
 His spotted dragon next to Kadmus' gates I see.

And he who bore
 Defeat and loss in that ill-omened siege of yore,
 The hero-king
 Adrastus, now the message meets
 Of less unlucky birds, though sorrowing
 Shall fill his home. For only he
 Of all the Danaan host once more
 Shall come to Abas' spacious streets
 With all his people safe, for so the gods decree,

Bearing along
 The melancholy way
 The bones of his dead son."
 So spake Amphiaraüs. I

Myself Alkmaion joy with wreaths t' adorn,
 Sprinkling his tomb with copious song. For he anigh
 My homestead dwells, and all that I have won
 He guards, and passing by,
 When to the theme of song
 Earth's centre-spot I went, his art inborn
 Of prophecy he put in play.

And thou, O god
 Whose arrows fly afar, whose glorious abode
 In Pytho's dells
 All comers welcomes, thought'st it meet
 There to confer the prize that all excels.
 And in his island home before
 Thou at thy feast hast once bestowed
 The envied name of pentathlete
 On him. And now, O king, with kindness, I implore

Thee, look upon
 The skein of song I weave, each feat that he has done
 To celebrate.
 Beside the vocal revelry
 Calm Justice stood : and I for your estate
 Xenarkes, would of heaven entreat

Regard undying. Since if one
 Without exceeding toil should be
 Successful, to the crowd of fools he haps to meet

He seems by lore
 And wise contrivances
 With Fortune's gifts to crown
 His life. Yet this is not in man :
 'Tis God that grants them : who will one upraise
 To-day, another lift to-morrow, as he can
 Sink others 'neath their power's level down.
 But thou on Megaran
 And Marathonian shore
 Hast won, and thrice thy native Hera's bays
 In combat, Aristomenes.

Four times beneath
 Thy body thrown thy rivals felt thy ruthless breath
 Above them burn.
 And not to them alike and thee
 In Pytho was decreed a glad return :
 Nor, when they reached their mother's roof,
 Did laughter sweet of greeting kith
 Wait them ; but sore with misery

They skulk in devious lanes from foemen's jeers aloof.

But if it chance
That fresh good fortune fall a mortal's lot to hance
In tender age,
Aloft on wings of mighty hope
He soars in manhood's struggles to engage
With nobler aim than rich to be.
For, mortals' pleasure to advance,
A little luck gives ample scope ;
As fast it falls to earth, shaken by stern decree.

Things of a day !
What is our somebody ?
And what our cipher ? Here
Man is the vision of a shade :
But when the ray that Zeus bestows has shone,
His light at once is clear, his life is easy made.
In freedom's road, Aigina, mother dear,
With Zeus' and Peleus' aid
Conduct this city aye,
With royal Aiakus, good Telamon,
And with Achilles' bravery !

9. To Telesikrates of Kyrene.

THE man who armed with shield of brass has won
 The prize of Pytho's ring
 With the deep-bosomed Graces fain am I to sing ;
 Brave Telesikrates exceeding blest
 Styling, the crown
 Of fair Kyrene's chariot-driving town.
 Her Leto's son with flowing hair
 From Pelion's wind-haunted valleys bare
 Away long since ; and brought on car of gold
 The huntress maid to Libya, and possessed
 Of lands that teem with grain and sheep ;
 The third full share of branching earth to keep
 For ever in her hold,
 The fairest e'er
 A blooming mistress gazed upon.

 And silver-footed Aphrodite there

Her guest from Delos' isle
 Made welcome, as she touched with dainty hand the while
 The god-built chariot ; and a lovely veil
 In kindness spread
 Of modesty around their nuptial bed ;
 And yoked the god in wedlock's bands
 With Hypseus' child ; Hypseus', who o'er broad lands
 Of daring Lapithæ was then the king :
 The second from Okeänus in male
 Descent ; whom, gladdened by the love
 Peneius proffered her, where towering
 His famous vales above
 Mount Pîndus stands,
 The water-nymph Kreüsa bare,

Daughter of Gaia. Her her father bred
 A maiden fair of arm, Kyrene clept :
 Who loved not to and fro before the loom to tread,
 Nor cared at all
 To hold gay festival
 With girl-companions who at home were kept.
 But, armed with brazen dart and sword,
 She waged a deadly strife
 With beasts of prey ; and through her constant ward

Her father's herds enjoyed a long and peaceful life.

Or, if she slept,

Scant courtesy she stayed to show

To slumber, though the sweetest bedfellow,

If up the eastern sky the day to dawning crept.

And thus it chanced Apollo one fair morn

Surprised her all alone

In struggle weaponless against a lion grown.

Then straight the ample-quivered Archer-god

With rousing cry

Old Cheiron summoned from his home hard by :

“Come out, O son of Philyre,

From yonder solemn cave ; in ecstasy •

The spirit and the wondrous force behold

That clothe at times a maiden's womanhood !

See how upon her dauntless head

She brings the strife, for labour overbold,

With soul unmoved by dread !

Whose child is she ?

From what firm stock has she been torn

The hollows of the dusky hills to keep ?

Behold how infinite

The prowess she delights in ! Tell me, were it right
At once by strength of hand to make her mine ?

Or better, wed

To cull the honied harvest of her bed ? ”

To him the Kentaur all aglow,—

While lightly laughter lit his kindly brow,—

With counsel deep advising straight replied.

“ Persuasion hides the keys of love divine ;

And wise, O Phoibos, is her way :

And laws of gods and men alike decide

’Tis shame in open day,

As thou must know,

A maiden’s virgin flower to reap.

Nay but a soft impulse has prompted thee,

Who mayst not, if thou would’st, have aught to do

With falsehood, thus to speak in insincerity.

Dost thou require

O king, to ask the sire

Of yonder maiden ? Thou ! the prophet who

Hast knowledge of th’ appointed end

Of all things, and the course

They follow ? All the leaves that earth will send

To deck the spring-time, all the sands that ’neath the force

Of waves or wind
 In sea or river whirl, and how
 And what shall be the future thou dost know.
 But if I must with thee be measured mind for mind,

I tell thee to this valley thou art come
 With spells upon thee laid
 To wed and o'er the sea to bear this very maid
 To Zeus's peerless garden, sovereign
 To make her there ;
 Gathering an island people to repair
 To her plain-girdled hill : yea now
 Thy noble bride in homes with gold that glow
 Will queenly Libya, rich in spreading lea,
 Receive for thee with gladness ; there her plain
 At once will share with her, to own
 In common with herself, in loyalty ;
 Where all the fruit-trees known
 In plenty grow,
 And beasts of prey the forest roam.

There she shall bear a son, whom instantly
 Illustrious Hermes shall
 To Gaia carry and the thronèd Hours withal

Straight from his loving mother's breast ; and they

The baby, set

Up on their knees, with constant drops shall pet

Of nectar and ambrosia's dew ;

And make as though he were immortal too,

A Zeus, or Phoibos all immaculate,

A present source of joy to friends alway :

Whom some as Shepherd, Huntsman, Herd,

As Aristaius some, shall celebrate."

And so with many a word

He urged the two

To end their bridal speedily.

Short is the road, and quickly perfected

The deed, when gods would hasten. That same day

Beheld the work complete. In Libya's golden bed

The loving pair

Were joined in wedlock ; where

She rules a city lovely till to-day

And famous for her victories.

And now in Pytho's game

Divine the son of staunch Karneiades

Has blent the wreath that crowns good fortune with her name,

When conquering

He shouted out "Kyrene." She
 Will gladly welcome one who brings in glee
 To her fair-womened land the prize of Delphi's ring.

To mighty excellences aye belong
 Of right protracted tales :
 But lengthy themes to paint with brevity avails
 To win a wise man's hearing. After all
 All issues be
 Betwixt the hands of Opportunity.

Whom Iolaüs long ago,
 As seven-gated Thebes has cause to know,
 Held not dishonoured. Him, when he had made
 Eurystheus' head before his falchion fall,
 She buried where Amphitryon
 The charioteer beneath the sod was laid,
 His grandsire, 'mongst the Sown
 Who used to go,
 Where milkwhite steeds the roadway throng,

A welcome guest erewhile in Kadmus' town.
 Embraced by him and Zeus,
 One travail abled wise Alkmena to produce
 Twin sons with strength to win in battle. He

Who could not sing
 Of Herakles, who e'er could Dirke's spring,
 That nurtured him and Iphikles,
 Forget, were dumb. To them for kindnesses
 Received, and prayers accomplished I my lay
 Will carol. O ye vocal Graces, still
 Let the unsullied light ye shed
 Not quit me. In Aigina's isle, I say,
 And thrice on Nisus' hill,
 This man on this
 His state has heaped immense renown,

By action 'scaping silent helplessness.
 So, be his townsman friend or enemy,
 How well he has for all endured the struggle's stress

Let no man hide ;
 But loyally abide
 The maxim of the Old Man of the Sea ;
 Who said that e'en a foe should praise
 His fellowman with all
 His heart who got him fame by honest ways.
 Full oft they saw at Pallas' stated festival
 Thee win, when dame
 And maid, though nought they spoke aloud,

Each to herself a longing sweet avowed
Thee, Telesikrates, for son or spouse to claim :

So in the feast of Zeus Olympian,
And ample-bosomed Ge,
And all thy country's games, it thus fell out. And me
The ancient glory of thy long descent
Compels again,
Though slaked my thirst for song, to raise the strain,
And hymn the suitors brave and good,
Who gathered for a maid of Libyan blood
To Irasa, Antaius' child to wed,
Famed for the beauty of her locks, intent.
And many a kindred chieftain came
To ask her hand, and many a stranger too ;
For not by glozing fame
Was she endued
With beauty's gifts ; and every man

The fruiting blossom of her golden grace
Of youth was fain to cull.
But for his child her sire conceived a match more full
Of honour. He had heard how Danaüs,
Of Argos' state

The lord, for daughters twice a score and eight

One morning ere the full noonday

Provided speedy mates. In long array

Beyond the goal the whole fair sisterhood

He set at once, and bade the numerous

Aspirants to a sonship's tie

Before him in the course by fortitude

And speed in running try

Which daughter they

Should get according to their pace.

And so the Libyan king a bridegroom gave

His daughter : by the goal he bade her stand,

The struggle's prime reward, in garments rich and brave,

And cried aloud

To all the eager crowd

That whosoe'er should soonest lay his hand

Upon her robes the girl should gain.

Alexidamus then,

For fast his footsteps fled across the plain,

Caught hand in hand the prize he loved and 'mongst his men

In triumph led ;

And glad his nomad horsemen threw

A storm of leaves on him and garlands too ;

For oft before Success had lighted on his head.

10. To Hippokleas of Thessaly.

OUI ! happy Sparta ! blessèd Thessaly !
 For either land
 One father's progeny,
 The sons of Herakles the lord of war, command.
 Why boast I thus untimely ? Nay
 But Pytho and Pelinna call on me,
 And chiefs who grace Aleuas' pedigree,
 Hippokleäs' success to sing,
 With them who now in triumph bring
 The victor home, in laudatory lay.

 For now he tastes the sweets of victory,
 Whom to the crowd
 Of neighbour peasantry
 Parnassus' inmost vale has just proclaimed aloud
 The foremost of the boyish quire
 Who ran the double course. O Phoibos, sweet

Is goal and start to men who hap to meet
 A god to spur them on. And thou
 Hast planned his latest conquest now,
 Who follows in the footsteps of his sire

With bent hereditary. Twice arrayed
 In Ares' warlike panoply
 He carried off Olympia's victory :
 Aye and the contest in the mead
 'Neath Kirrha's rock has made
 The name of Phrikias renowned for speed.
 And so in days to come
 May Fate bid high success for them to bloom ;

And—which in Hellas is a gift most rare—
 Let them be free
 From what we mortals share,
 Reverses from a god's offended jealousy !
 A god alone is griefless aye ;
 But he must be esteemed a happy man,
 And one that bards should celebrate, who can
 Through excellence of hand or foot
 By strength and daring resolute
 The most desired of prizes bear away ;

And still alive behold a youthful son

Formally crowned

With wreaths at Pytho won.

The brazen heavens are still to him forbidden ground ;

But every joy of every kind,

That we of mortal race delight in, lies

Within his reach : no further now he plies

His oars. Thou'lt nor by sea nor land

Find the strange pathway to the band

Of them that live beyond the Northern Wind.

Yet with them princely Perseus carnival

Held merrily in days of old,

When, hecatombs of asses manifold

While to the god they slew, he stepped

By hap within their hall ;

Whose rites and hymns Apollo's self have kept

In laughter, 'mid the feast

To see the rampant pranks of every beast.

And yet the Muse to such outlandish ways

Doth not refuse

Her presence. Maidens' lays

And spirit-stirring lyres and shrilly pipes they use

For cheer, and garlanding their hair
 With woven coronals of golden bays,
 They pass in jocund revel all their days.

Nor carking care nor fell disease
 Disturbs their calm divinities ;
 But rid of battle's toil and labour's care

They dwell from Retribution's cruel ire
 Entirely free.

And thither with the fire
 Of valiance in his heart the son of Danaë—
 For guide Athena with him went—
 Came, to the hidden mansions of the crew
 Of happy folk : and he the Gorgon slew,
 And bore that head which serpents wreathe
 In mottled braids, a stony death,
 Home to his islanders. Not mine the bent,

Whate'er the gods may work, to scant belief,
 Or marvel at their might.
 Let go the oars : the bower anchor tight,
 Quick as thou canst, in earth imbed ;
 Ere on some hog's-back reef
 Thou strike and founder. For my Muse has fled,

Like flitting honey-bee,
Elsewhere to quaff her draughts of poesy.

And hope I have that while in Ephyre
Her people pour
My dulcet minstrelsy
From triumph-gladdened throats along Peneius' shore,
For sake of laurels he has worn
I may some day to elder men and young
Hippokleäs' deserts in worthier song
Make glorious, the maiden's theme
Of waking thought and sleeping dream.
By loves diverse are divers spirits torn ;

But if what any seek with eager quest
He hap to win,
The prize he has possessed,
So sorely longed for, let him take his pleasure in :
For what within a year may be
Nor sign nor token can foreshadow. I
On Thorax' kindly friendliness rely,
Who toiled to harness, me to please,
This car of the Pierides
With mutual love and mutual instancy.

It needs the Lydian stone of proof to try

Gold and a soul upright.

So to his brothers brave will I indite

My praise, because the olden fame

Of Thessaly on high

Their excellence exalts. 'Tis aye the same :

In men of right intent

Lies only wise paternal government.

11. To Thrasydaios of Thebes.

DAUGHTER of Kadinus, Semele,
 Who to Olympus' courts a guest art come ;
 And Ino, goddess white, who in the sea
 Hast with the Nereids thy home ;
 With Herakles' illustrious mother haste,
 To Melia's shrine repair,
 The golden tripod's treasury
 That none may tread, with honour rare
 That Loxias has graced,

The truthful seat of prophecies
 For his Ismenius named. For now he calls
 The host of country demigoddesses
 Who dwell around within her walls
 To meet ; while ye, whom sweet Harmonia bore,
 Shall holy Themis hymn
 And Pytho, and the just decrees

Of earth's mid stone, when faint and dim
The twilight is no more,

Our seven-gated Thebes to laud, and Kirrha's quest ;
Where Thrasydaius brought
To mind the hearth by which his fathers knelt,
Crowned with the third glad crown for triumph wrought
In Pylades' rich corn-fields, where a guest
Orestes, fled from Lakedaimon, dwelt.

Him, when his father met his death,
From Klytemnestra's hands Arsinoë
His nurse, who dreaded force or lack of faith
With mournful issue, took, when she
Kassandra, Priam's daughter Trojan-bred,

With cold gray steel beside
Her husband Agamemnon's wraith
Despatched along the shady side
Of Acheron to tread.

The ruthless woman ! Was it, pray,
Iphigeneia by Euripus' strait
Slain as a victim far from home away
Provoked her heavy-handed hate ?

Or did the pleasures of a stranger's bed
 Lead her astray? a crime
 Esteemed in youthful brides alway
 Most hateful, one for length of time
 That ne'er is coverèd

By stranger tongues ; for folk delight in slanderous speech.
 And when success is great
 No lesser envy it encounters ; he
 Unseen may fret who keeps a low estate.
 So Atreus' hero-son just lived to reach
 Farfamed Amyklæ, when by treachery

He perished, and the prophet-maid
 Whelmed in destruction, who her Troy had burned ;—
 Its homes for Helen's sake in ruin laid,
 Its splendour all to ashes turned.
 To aged Strophius then for guestship came
 The youngster, who beneath
 Parnassus dwelt ; till Ares' aid
 Helped him at last to put to death
 Aigisthus and his dame.

My friends, I fancy that to-day,

Though I have trod the path direct before,
 Some labyrinth has led my steps astray ;
 Or, like a boat from sight of shore,
 Far from my course the breezes me have borne.

But thine the task, my Muse,
 If thou hast underta'en for pay
 To sing thy hireling song, to choose
 Themes fitter to adorn

Young Thrasydaius here, or else his sire who won
 The Pythian wreath of eld.

The kindliness and honour of their race
 Shine as the sun : for long ago they held,
 Where far-renowned Olympia's course is run
 By swiftest steeds, the victor's splendid place ;

And where unclad the rivals start
 To run afoot, all Hellas' host for speed
 They shamed at Pytho. Should the gods impart
 Distinction, I were fain indeed

To clasp whate'er in each succeeding age

I could : but when I see
 That citizens of modest heart
 Live happy longest, royalty

I reckon sorry wage.

For common ends my bow is bent
 T' achieve success. The ruin Envy wreaks
 Is foiled, if he who wins the height, content
 In quiet his enjoyment seeks,
 And bids offensive insolence begone.

He better at the last
 Will meet black Death, his monument
 The best, a name that nought shall blast,
 But children joy to own.

'Tis this that Iölaüs son of Iphikles,
 The theme of many a song,
 Distinguishes, and thee, of seed divine,
 King Polydeukes, and thy Kastor strong,
 Who days alternate sleep in Therapne's
 Dark tomb, alternate in Olympus shine.

12. To Midas of Akragas.

I PRAY thee, spendour-loving queen,
 Most beauteous city known to mortal ken,
 Seat of Persephone,
 Who on the sheep-fed banks of Akragas
 Inhabitest a hill where goodly mansions rise,
 Benignantly
 Receive with kind assent of gods and men
 For noble Midas this his Pythian wreath ;
 And eke himself, who has
 Victorious over Hellas been
 In that sweet art which great
 Pallas Athena first produced, wherewith
 To imitate
 With skill the savage Gorgons' lamentable cries.

Which sadly flowing forth she heard
 From those two spinster throats in weary woe,

And many a serpent-head
 That none can near, when Perseus' steel had slain
 The third who with them shared their dismal sisterhood :
 Before he sped
 Home to his sea-girt isle, a fatal foe
 To all Seriphus' folk. From Phorkus' seed
 Divine their sight was ta'en ;
 And gruesome was his gift conferred
 On Polydektes, through
 'The bridal forced and serfdom's cleaving need
 The mother knew
 Who bore him, when fair-cheeked Medusa's head was viewed

The prize of him whom Danaë
 Brought forth, the son according to repute
 Of gold's spontaneous shower.
 But when from these his toils the hero whom
 She loved she had preserved, the virgin-goddess wrought
 The changeful power
 Of varied music, bass and treble flute,
 To counterfeit with instruments the groan
 Of pain that issued from
 The jaws of keen Euryale.
 She made it, and to men

Gave it, the 'air of many-headed tone'
 By name, since when
 It minds men of the games by thronging thousands sought ;

Breathing its notes through metal thin
 And reeds, that nigh the Graces' city grow
 Within Kephisis' grove,
 Where well the dance is led, true witnesses
 To them that measures tread. If any happiness
 We men may prove,
 Not free from toil it shows itself ; yet so
 Fortune perhaps will perfect it to-day ;
 But whatso fated is
 No man at all can fail to win.
 For that good time shall be,
 When, though he seem a helpless castaway,
 Prosperity
 With unexpected luck, the pledge of more, will bless.

ISTHMIAN ODES.

1. To Herodotus of Thebes.

My mother, golden-shielded Thebes, thy fame
 Of higher count than all my business shall be.
 Yet be not wroth with me, thou rugged Delian isle,
 For whom my soul in minstrelsy
 Has spent herself. To folk of honest name
 What can be dearer than their sires? Give place awhile,
 Thou land of Phoibos ! Both, with heaven to succour me,

Will I in common honours blend ; and sweet
 Unshorn Apollo with her sturdy seamen sing
 In foam-girt Keos ; ay and Isthmus' ridge that fends
 Salt water ; since 'twas his to bring
 Six crowns from where the rivals brave compete
 To Kadmus' warrior sons for conquest that commends
 My native land, wherein her son unwavering

Alkmena bore ;

Whose step the angry hounds of Geryon quailed before.

And fain would I exalt Herodotus

In music's strains,

Who with four steeds has proved victorious,

Letting no other hold the reins :

Wherefore in song

With Iolaüs or with Kastor strong

I fain would couple him ; for they,

In Thebes and Sparta born in th' olden day,

Were best of charioteers the hero-host among ;

And in the festive lists most frequently

Contended for the prize, and decked with tripods rare

Their homes, and caldrons too and bowls of massive gold ;

While garlands gleaming in their hair

Gave them to taste the sweets of victory ;

And clear their prowess shines whom all could then behold

Full-armed with clanging shield as oft as running bare.

How well those hands would cast th' unerring spear,

Or send the quoit of stone aloft the sky to rend !

For no man then had heard the name of 'pentathlete,'

But every bout its proper end

Achieved : and these would garlanded appear

Full oft with wreath on wreath by Dirke's waters sweet,
Or where the streams of proud Eurotas sea-ward wend ;

He who could own
For father Iphikles, compatriot of the Sown ;
The son of Tyndareus th' Achaian height
Of Therapne
Inhabiting. I greet ye, men of might !
But now I trim my melody
Isthmus divine,
Onchestus' shingles, and Poseidon's shrine
To praise ; and so will celebrate
In this man's victory the glorious fate
That waits upon his sire Asopodorus' line,

And his adopted home Orchomenus,
That gave him shelter, when in seas without a shore,
Hard pressed by shipwreck, all the frost he knew
Of evil hap. But now once more
The old congenial tide of prosperous
Good fortune flows again : and one that has gone through
Distress, thereafter sets by prudence hearty store.

But if a man his every effort use,

Nor spare expenditure nor toil, renown to gain,
 'Tis due to them that find it with ungrudging heart
 To bring the proud, exultant, strain ;
 For light the recompense of poet's Muse
 For hardships manifold, although the song impart
 A public monument that aye shall fair remain.

 For, whatsoe'er
 It be, the wage is sweet that guerdons human care :
 And shepherd, farmer, fowler, he who feeds
 Upon the sea,
 Have one intent, to satisfy the needs
 Of hunger crying ceaselessly.
 But when for game
 Or battle nobly won their loud acclaim
 Both countrymen and strangers pour
 With one consent to hail the conqueror,
 His is the highest meed, the very flower of fame.

 But stay ! 't is time to change the theme, and bless
 Our neighbour Kronos-born, the Shaker of the Earth,
 Inventor of the car and patron of the horse ;
 And those to thee who trace their birth,
 Amphitryon ; and Minyas' recess ;

Demeter's storied grove Eleusis, and the course
That gently trends beside Eubœia's winding firth.

I add thy own and thy Achaian's shrine,
Protesilaüs, in Thessalian Phylake.
But every spot to name, where on Herodotus
Presiding Hermes victory
Conferred for harnessed steeds, this lay of mine
Would still be all too short though ne'er so copious :
And reticence is oft the best of flattery.

Be it his fate
On shining wings of sweet Pierian maids elate
' To soar, and yet in Pytho's vale, and where
Alpheius flows
Beside Olympia's course, with garlands fair—
The choicest wreaths that Hellas knows—
To fill his hand ;
Building fresh honour for his native land,
Thebes of the seven gates. But when
One hoards hid wealth and jeers at fellow men,
Thoughtless he dooms his soul unsung to Hades' strand.

2. To Thrasyboulus of Akragas.

OFT, Thrasyboulus, in the ancient days
 The bards who on the stately car could climb
 Where sit the Muses, golden bays
 About their brows, in lightsome rhyme
 Claspings their honoured lyres would deftly aim
 Their honied song to glorify the boys
 Whose ripe young beauty set their hearts aflame
 For regal Aphrodite's joys.

For in those days not yet had Poesy
 Grown avaricious, nor for hire would slave ;
 Not then did sweet Terpsichore
 For coin let any bidder have
 The dulcet music of her gentle tones
 All lacquered o'er with silver. Now forsooth
 She bids us bear in mind the Argive's groans,
 Not so far off the path of Truth.

“’T is money, money, money makes the man,”

Reft of his goods and friends at once, he cried.
 But, for thyself art wise, a triumph not unknown
 I hymn, which, where competing horses ran
 At Isthmus, to Xenokrates alone
 Poseidon gave, the crown to own
 Of Doric parsley round his tresses tied,

Gracing a clever charioteer, the light
 Of all in Akragas. In Krisa fair,
 Viewed by Apollo vast of might,
 He carried off his laurels there ;
 And honoured by Erechtheus’ noble kin
 In olive-dowered Athens, spake not ill
 Of him who neatly whipped his chariot in
 With all a driver’s handy skill,

Nikomachus, who saw the time to loose
 His every rein ; whom all the heralds knew,—
 Proclaimers of the sacred truce
 Of Kronian Zeus in Elis,—who
 Had erst enjoyed his hospitality,
 And greeted him with softest melody
 Of gratulating song, when at the knee

He fell of golden Victory

In that their own dear land, which mortals call
 The precinct of Olympian Zeus, wherein
 Ainesidamus' sons an immortality
 Of fame achieved. For in thy father's hall,
 O Thrasyboulus, joyful revelry,
 Mingled with honied poesy,
 Has oft upraised its glad accustomed din.

No rugged rock nor weary uphill road
 Have they to climb, who music's honours bring
 To honourable men's abode
 From them that dwell beside the spring
 Of Helikon. Oh! would to heaven that these
 My quoits might so far distance other men's,
 As all in kindly ways Xenokrates
 Excelled. Amidst his citizens

His carriage was most reverend, and aye
 His stables after Panhellenic law
 He kept, and each god's holiday
 Made welcome. Ne'er did sudden flaw
 Of tempest make him shorten sail around

His hospitable table, evermore
In summer's heat to cooling Phasis bound,
In winter's cold to Nile's hot shore.

Let him not now, because about the heart
Of mortals jealous thoughts delight to cling,
Dead silence keep about his father's excellence,
Nor these my songs. To play no idle part
I fashioned them. So when thou comest hence
To his, my honoured friend's, presence
Thus, Nikasippus, pay thy welcoming.

3. To Melissus of Thebes.

IF any man by glorious feats of strength,
 Or store of honest gold, have got him fame,
 Yet curbs within his soul besetting insolence,
 He well deserves that on his name
 His countrymen should heap their praises. Excellence,
 O Zeus, to mortals comes of thee :
 And reverential folk prosperity
 Have more enduring than their neighbourhood ;
 While crooked hearts their seeming good,
 Though flourishing awhile, will leave alone at length.

For noble deeds beholders it behoves
 To recompense the brave with noble song,
 And kindly him to laud who leads the gay parade.
 Now to Melissus here belong
 Twin crowns for conquests twain ; the one in Isthmus' glade
 By favourable Fate was sent

To turn his heart to jocund merriment ;
 The other gathered in the hollow glen
 Of the deep-chested lion, when
 He bade them shout the name of 'Thebes, the 'Thebes he loves,

Where rival chariots ran, victorious.

 Nor does he put to shame
 Th' hereditary courage of his kin.

 Ye well have known

 How oft Kleonymus

 The honours of the chariot-race would win :
 And so his mother's folk, who trace to Labdakus

 Their pedigree,
 Gat wealth by four-in-hands. But rollingly

 Time plays a changing game.

 The sons of gods from hurt are free alone.

4. To Melissus of Thebes.

THANKS to the gods ten thousand paths are mine,
 In all directions stretched, to tell in song,—
 Since thou at Isthmus hast thy ready skill displayed,—
 The virtues which their whole life long,
 E'en to its final close, have decked by heavenly aid
 The children of Kleonymus.
 But oft, Melissus, will the boisterous
 Storm-wind on mortals with resistless force
 Swoop down, and drive them from their course
 This way and that, like ships across the brine.

However from the first beginning these
 In Thebes, men say, were honourable held,
 And all the neighbourhood with hospitality
 Entreated ; yet the promptings quelled
 Of full-mouthed arrogance. Whate'er the eulogy
 Of boundless glory gossipèd

From mouth to mouth of men about their dead
 Or living fellows, they no lesser fame
 Attained : for manly deeds their name
 Has reached land's farthest end, the posts of Herakles.

For further worth to strive may nought avail.
 Horse-breeders they became,
 And favour gat with Ares brazen-clad ;
 But in one day
 The savage, stormy, hail
 Of warfare robbed their hearth so lately glad
 Of four good men at once. Yet now the weary tale
 Of wintry gloom
 And fitful months is past, and earth in bloom
 With spring of fresh-won fame,
 As if with crimson roses, strews their way

By ordinance of gods. And he who smites
 The earth, inhabiting Onchestus' fane
 And yon sea-bridge that lies before Korinthus' walls,
 Inspiring this my wondrous strain,
 To life the old Renown of noble deeds recalls
 Done by the family, long lain
 Asleep on Lethe's bed ; but now again,

Waked out of that dead slumber, she is seen
 Bright bodily with fairest sheen,
 As Morning-star among the welkin's lesser lights.

She in the meads of Athens heralded
 His chariot's victory, at Sikyon
 With sprays of song, like these I weave, from them that chose
 To woo the Muses long ago
 In the Adrasteän lists his triumph o'er his foes
 She hailed. Nor kept they e'er afar
 From common gatherings their bended car ;
 But joyed with Panhellenic company
 In lavish horsemanship to vie.
 In nameless silence they who venture naught are dead ;

And even them that fight obscurity
 Will often ill requite,
 Before they reach the long projected height.
 For like event
 Not aye impartially
 Does luck bestow ; and men of greater might
 The craft of lesser folk o'ertaking suddenly
 Will overthrow.
 The tale of Aias' bloody feat ye know ;

And how he fell that night
On his own sword : to Hellas' sons who went

To Troy a sore reproach. Yet in his day
Did Homer honour him o'er other men ;
Who all his prowess told in song divinely sweet
Of measured cadence, which since then
Our after generations o'er and o'er repeat.
For so far immortality
Waits on the gift of real poesy,
That if a bard have uttered words of worth,
O'er all the sea and fruitful earth
For ever goes unquenched good work's refulgent ray.

Be ours the Muses' kindly-minded hour,
To kindle that undying torch of song
E'en for Melissus here, of old Telesias
The seed ; a crown to suit the strong
In box and wrestle both. For he in spirit was,
And courage high, and tireless toil,
A match for lions roaring for their spoil ;
Cunning as vixen on her back that lies
And all the eagle's swoops defies :
For need 't was anywise to foil his foeman's power.

For not to him Orion's mighty thews
 Had kindly nature given ;
 To look upon he seemed contemptible ;
 But for a fall
 'Twere difficult to choose
 One heavier to throw. And thus they tell
 How once from Kadmus' Thebes to swart Antaius' cell
 In Libya grown
 With wheat, where he Poseidon's fane would crown
 With scalps from strangers riven,
 There 'came Alkmena's son, of stature small

But soul unbending, vowed to overawe
 His violence by force and make it cease.
 He to Olympus went, when all the earth, and all
 The cliffs that fence the hoary seas,
 He had explored, and smoothed a passage safe withal
 For voyagers ; and for reward
 In bliss supreme beside the Aegis-lord
 He dwells, esteemed by all the gods beside
 A friend, with Hebe for his bride,
 Monarch of golden halls, and Hera's son-in-law.

Wherefore for him above the Amber-gate

Do we his countrymen the feast prepare,
 Making with wreaths of flowers new-cut his altars gay,
 And burn our sacrifices there
 To those dead sons of his, the eight whom Megara,
 The child of Kreon, bore for him,
 And iron slaughtered. Soon as day is dim,
 With set of sun for them another light
 Arising shines throughout the night,
 Lashing the lurid air with smoke of burning fat :

Till with the second day the yearly game
 A fitting ending has
 In trial of strong muscles : where this man
 A second time
 His wreath of conquests wear
 We saw, his brow with myrtle-flowers wan.
 A third he gained before in boyhood, giving ear
 To counsels sage
 Of him who trained and steered his tender age.
 Wherefore with Orseäs
 Him will I celebrate in joyful rhyme.

5. To Phylakides of Aigina.

O THEIA, worshipped under many names,
 Mother of Helios, for thy regard
 Man reckons gold above all things beside
 In mighty strength : for thee on ocean wide
 Ship vies with ship, and horses in the games
 Their chariots drag at speed for thy award,
 Where in the circles swift of contest they are seen
 To court thy glance, immortal Queen.

And he in that contested struggle gains
 An honour all the world would fain acquire,
 Around whose tresses many garlands meet
 For skilful hands or swiftness of his feet.
 But heaven alone to mortal man ordains
 Prowess : and two endowments must conspire
 To blend their nurturing, ere life's sweet flower can come
 In happiness to perfect bloom ;

Success in act the first, the second fair
 Repute. Yet deem not in thy folly thou canst pair
 With Zeus. If this
 The highest hap
 That men attain be dropped upon thy lap,
 Thou hast enough : for mortal blessings are
 Befitting mortals. Thee, Phylakides,
 Isthmus and Nemeä crowned in double list ;
 And Pytheäs was pancratist.
 My heart no relish has for song th' Aiakidæ's
 Renown that mentions not ; and with my melodies

And Lampo's sons to this well-ordered town
 I now am come. Grudge not to one devote
 To walk the stainless paths of deeds divine
 The song with seemly boasting to combine
 For ended toil. For in the days long flown
 The goodly warriors of heroic note
 Gat gain of minstrels' tales ; whose glories citterns tell,
 And many-voicèd oboes swell

Their fame for countless years. Their excellence
 For poets' song provides material,
 Since Zeus so wills ; and bardic carols rise

At every bright Aitolian sacrifice
 To Oineus' sons ; at Thebes her citizens
 Laud Iolaüs ; Argos' festival
 Perseus exalts ; while Polydeukes is the theme,
 And Kastor, by Eurotas' stream :

But in Oinone all the legend runs
 Of genial Aiakus and his great-hearted sons ;
 Who twice the ranks
 Of battle led
 To sack the 'Trojans' city, marshallèd
 Once by Alkeides, by th' Atreidæ once.
 Now quit the plain, and higher soar, and say
 By whom did Kyknus fall, and Hektor? Who
 The fearless mailclad Memnon slew,
 Swart Aithiopia's chief? Whose shaft amidst the fray
 Smote goodly Telephus beside Kaïkus banks ?

Heroes for whom Aigina's peerless shore
 I claim for mother-land. Long since was built
 Her tower for high-exalted excellence
 To mount. And many shafts of eloquence
 My ready tongue has in redundant store,
 To loose in praise of them : and thou too wilt,

Fair Salamis, the town of Aias, testify
 How in the war not long gone by

Her sailors saved thee from the smiting storm,
 When human life-blood showered thick as hail
 From countless slain. Yet quench the pæan now
 In silence. Zeus alone can good bestow
 And evil, Zeus, of schemes that mortals form
 Supreme disposer. In the rhymer's tale
 Honours like these delight reward as honey sweet
 To harvest. Let who will compete,

That knows the fame of Kleonikus' race,
 By deeds from them to win the athlete's foremost place.

The mighty moil
 That they endure
 Goes not to waste, nor does th' expenditure
 Expectant hope of crowns to come efface.
 So Pytheäs I praise, whose masterful
 Hands made Phylakides's victory

Assured ; a deft opponent he !
 Then bear him hence a crown, a chaplet of fine wool,
 And wingèd song and new withal to grace his toil.

6. To Phylakides of Aigina.

As though at full of festive revelry,
 We mix the second cup of Muse-inspired song
 For Lampo's offspring strong
 In tireless thews.
 The first in Nemeä we drained
 To thee, O Zeus,
 When there the flower of coronals was gained ;
 And this at Isthmus, Isthmus' lord, to thee,
 And Nereus' daughters fair two score and ten, we bring ;
 For now Phylakides, his youngest, victory
 Has gotten : be it ours ere long,
 To the Olympian saviour offering,
 To bathe Aigina's isle in honied melody !

For if a man in generous expense
 Takes pleasure, and in toil, and aye unflinching meets
 The labours their own feats

Have sanctified,
 For him delicious fame the gods
 Will plant beside
 His path : god-honoured in the inmost roads
 Of bliss his barque has anchor cast. Propense
 To tastes like these the son of Kleonikus prays
 Such joy in hoary eld and Hades may attend
 Himself ; and towards the lofty seats
 Of Klotho and her sister Fates I raise
 My voice, to bid them list the wishes of my friend.

And you, ye golden-carred Aiakidæ,
 I hold it aye the strictest law to me
 To dew with songs of praise, whene'er this isle I reach.
 Whose mighty deeds have made them straight and wide
 Ten thousand paths, beyond the fountain-head
 Of Neilus' fruitful tide,
 Beyond the homes of them that dwell behind
 The northern wind : nor wilt thou find
 A country so uncouth, so gibbering in speech,
 As not to be acquaint in some degree
 With Peleus' heroism, whose luck it was to wed

The daughter of a god ; nor to have heard

The fame of Aias and his father Telamon.
 Whom erst Alkmena's son
 In ships led o'er
 The sea to Troy with Tiryns' might,
 The brazen war
 To join, a glad ally ; to worst in fight
 Heroes untold ; because his plighted word
 Laomedon forswore. The height of Pergamus
 He took ; with him he slew the tribes of Meropes ;
 And nigh to Phlegræ lighting on
 Alkyoneus the herdsman mountainous
 In girth, his twanging string with hands full merciless

 Alkeides drew. When Telamon he bade
 Come o'er the sea with him, his folk in general
 Were keeping festival :
 And Telamon—
 Whilst he stood in the lion's skin—
 Implored the son
 Of bold Amphitryon mighty-speared begin
 By offerings of nectar duly made :
 And therewithal the chief a winecup rough with gold
 Tendered. Then he to heaven his hands unconquered spread
 And thus besought. " If thou at all,

O Zeus my father, in the days of old
With willing soul to prayer of mine hast listenèd,

Now, now with most intent request I pray,
Grant Telamon that he, my guest to-day,
From Eriboia's womb the brave son fore-ordained
May get ; and let him in his body be
Impervious to wounds, (as roundabout
This hide enfoldeth me
Of that wild beast that erst in Nemeä's dell,
The first fruits of my labours, fell,)
With dauntless soul to match." He spake ; and Zeus unchained
And sent his eagle, king of birds. Straightway
Sweet gladness woke within his bosom. With a shout

In prophet-guise he lift his voice, and cried,
"O Telamon, the son thou cravest shall be thine ;
And for the bird our eyne
Beheld appear
Aias shall he be named, of might
Immense, the fear
Of folk that toil the War-god to delight."
He said, and ceasing sat him down beside
The rest to feast. But all their worthiness were long

To tell. For Pytheās, Euthymenes, and chief
 Phylakides, O Muse of mine,
 I come to lead the revels. Let my song
 That tells their honours be in Argive fashion brief.

Three times the laurels of the pancratist
 The noble uncle and his sister's children won
 At Isthmus ; oft, where on
 The leafy vale
 Of Nemeä mountains frown, men see
 Their skill prevail.
 They bathe the clan of the Psalychidæ
 I' the Graces' freshest dew. Oh ! such a list
 Of songs they brought to light ! Themistius' house they set
 Once more on high ; and in this favoured place they dwell :
 Where Lampo long his work has done
 With careful love, and reverences yet
 Old Hesiod's saw, and bids his offspring con it well ;

Clothing his town with honours all his own,
 And love for kindnesses to strangers shown.
 What to pursue aware, and what to let go by,
 His tongue he lets not overrun his thought.
 Greatest of athletes seems he in our eyes,

As hones from Naxos brought
To temper steel all other stones excel.
Him will I give from Dirke's well
That water pure to drink, that by the progeny
Of wise Mnemosyne with golden gown
At Kadmus' well-embattled gates was bid to rise.

7. To Strepesades of Thebes.

WITH which of all the honours that befell
 Thy land of old didst thou delight
 Thy spirit most, O Thebes thrice blessèd? Was it when
 Thou gavest birth to curly Dionyse
 Demeter's comrade, whom the cymbals' symphonies
 Extol? or when at night
 In golden rain thou saw'st descend to men
 The chief of them on high that dwell,

 To cross Amphitryon's gate and seek his bride,
 Whence peerless Herakles was born?
 Or in Teiresias' supreme sagacity?
 Or in the skill by Iolaüs shown
 As horseman, or the spears untiring of the Sown?
 Or when Adrastus, shorn
 Of his ten thousand comrades, from the cry
 Of fight thou dravest back, to bide

In Argos, where they love the horse ? or when
 Thy Doric colony
 On Lakedaimon's mountain-spurs was set,
 And strong Amyklæ fell before the men
 Who boasted Aigeus' blood, thy own true progeny,
 Obeying Pytho's prophecies ?
 But fairest fame in wondrous wise
 Grown old will fall asleep, and folk forget ;

Save that which gains the bloom of poesy,
 Yoked with the indestructible
 Torrents of minstrel-lore. Then raise a revel-song
 Of sweetest cadence for Strepsiades :
 For he has carried off the five great victories
 At Isthmus, terrible
 In thews, in manly excellence as strong,
 And passing fair withal to see ;

And by the purple-tressèd Muses he
 Is made illustrious ; and new
 Sprays of the tree of fame his namesake uncle's tomb
 He twines to deck, whom armed with brazen targe
 Dread Ares slew. But, know thou surely, honours large
 To bravery are due.

And whoso in this storm for love of home
Repels this rain of blood shall be,

For driving ruin on the hostile host,
For aye, alive or dead,
The greatest glory of his native town.
And thou, Diodotus's child, hast lost,—
Imagining thyself in Meleäger's stead,
Amphiaräus rivalling
And Hektor in the fight,—thy spring
Of blooming manhood, bravely having shown

Thy prowess, where amid the van of war
The bravest bore till hope had fled
The battle's brunt. A grief too deep for words was then
My portion : but Poseidon deems it good
The tempest's roar to change to happy quietude.
And I around my head
Will garlands fit to sing the first of men.
Nor grudge me, gods, if thus so far,

Each day's delights pursuing while I may,
I do my best to live at ease
Until to eld and fate's appointed time I come.

For though our lots unequal be, we all
 Alike must die at last ; and he his soul who shall
 With distant prospects please,
 Will prove too short to reach the burnished home
 Of gods. As in the olden day

Wide-wingèd Pegasus threw headlong down
 His lord Bellerophon,
 Who sought to win the palaces of heaven,
 The council-halls of Zeus. But e'en renown,
 If got by means unfair, an ending waits upon
 Most bitter. Grant us at our prayer,
 O Loxias of golden hair,
 Thy flowery crown at Pytho's contests given !

8. To Kleandros of Zigina.

Ho ! boys, let some one go and call
 Kleandros and his fellows ; bid them raise
 Beside the shining entrance-hall
 Where Telesarchus dwells,
 His sire, the revel-song, the glorious recompense
 Of labours finishèd ;
 In payment for his Isthmic victory,
 And for that he
 At Nemeä the contest's honours won :
 For whom I too,
 Though vexed at heart, am asked to-day
 The golden Muses' aid to pray.
 For now, from mighty sorrow freed,
 Let us not stint our coronals, nor feed
 And pamper grief ;
 But, bidding useless woe begone,
 Adapt our tongues to merry lays,

Though pain be new.
 For now for our relief
 The potent spells
 Of some kind god have banished hence
 The stone of Tantalus, that o'er our head

Was hung, a hardship sore to bear
 For Hellas. But our fears have fled and ta'en
 Away our heavy load of care.
 'Tis best for man to be
 Intent on present things : for Time is treacherous ;
 And swiftly rolls the tide
 Of life along : but e'en adversity,
 So freedom be
 Safe, may be bettered. Man should cherish aye
 Good hope with care.
 And he is bounden, who was bred
 In Thebes the seven-portallèd
 The Graces' fairest wreath to bring
 For brave Aigina's special honouring.
 For twins there were
 Born to Asopus, legends say,
 His youngest children, daughters twain ;
 And either fair

To royal Zeus was dear.
 The other he
 By Dirke's fountain beauteous
 O'er a car-loving city bade preside :

But thee to Oinops' isle he bare,
 And locked in thy embrace he fell asleep.
 And to his sire the Thunderer there
 The godlike Aiakus
 Thou broughtest forth, of men on earth the trustiest :
 Who even gods' dispute
 Determined. Sons of his alike divine,
 And all their line
 Of warfare-loving children, aye excelled
 In following
 Woe-working battle's brazen din
 With manhood ; yet were sober in
 Conduct, and wise of soul. And this
 The Council of the Blessed witnesses.
 When sharp debate
 Zeus over Thetis' wedding held
 'Gainst the bright Monarch of the deep,
 Each coveting
 The maiden for his mate ;

So beauteous

She was, that love inflamed their breast.
Yet of her bed gat neither suitor boot,

Though both immortals ; when they heard
The oracles of Fate: for in their mid
Unerring Themis spake her word,

“ Because it is decreed
That if or Zeus himself, or Zeus’s brother, wed
The water-goddess, she

A kingly son and greater shall produce
Than even Zeus,

Who shall a weapon than the thunder-flash
More mighty wield

Or dreadful trident ; pray ye cease
Your quarrel : let the girl in peace
With mortal man in marriage-tie
Be joined, and see her son in combat die,

Her son the peer
Of Ares in the battle’s clash,
The swiftness of whose feet shall bid

The levin yield.
To Peleus then, if here
My voice ye heed,

Be this high honour offerèd ;
 For, sprung from Aiakus, they say that he

Is godliest of all that grow
 On broad Iolkos' plain. Let messengers
 To Cheiron's ageless cavern go
 At once without delay ;
 Nor twice let Nereus' child the lots of brawlsome mood
 Force on our hands ; but when
 At night the waxing moon is at her full
 Let Peleus' pull
 Away the girdle of her maidenhood."
 Thus pleaded she
 Addressing Kronos' offspring. They
 With brows immortal to her say
 Nodded assent ; nor fruitless fell
 Her words and died, for, as the singers tell,
 Their very king
 Sped forward for the common good
 Fair Thetis' bridal. Rhapsoders
 The bravery
 Of young Achilles sing
 To our dull day ;
 Who vine-clad Mysia steeped in blood,

With dark gore dewing Telephus's plain ;

And bridged the way for Atreus' sons'
Return ; and rescued Helen ; with his spear
Cutting away the bravest ones

Of Troy, who for a time
Hindered his marshalling the ranks of bloody war

Upon their own dear fields,
Hektor the overdaring in the fight,

And Memnon's might,
And other chiefs. Achilles showed them all

The dismal land
Of dread Persephone, when he,
Prince of the bold Aiakidæ,
Displayed his high ancestral pride,
And therewithal Aigina glorified.

So e'en when slain
He wanted not for musical
Gifts ; for his pyre and grave anear

The virgin band
Of Helikon their strain

Of dirge sublime
Stood singing : for th' immortals are
Agreed, a hero's soul to death who yields

To give to them to hymn. And so
 'Tis now ; for fast the Muses' chariot speeds
 To bid the memory brighter glow
 Of sturdy Nikokles
 The boxer. Laud ye him who once in Isthmus' glen
 The Doric parsley gained ;
 Because with hand that none could 'scape he too
 Aye overthrew
 All neighbouring folk confounded by his force.
 Nor less have shown
 His honours through the victor son
 His noble uncle got. Let one
 Among his fellows haste to twist
 For brave Kleandros, hailed the pancratist,
 The slender wreath
 Of myrtle. For Alkathoüs' course,
 And Epidaurus' youth, his deeds
 With fortune's crown
 Have met, and plausive breath.
 And meet it is
 His praise should come from honest men :
 - For not in secret sloth his youth was trained.

NEMEAN AND OTHER ODES.

1. To Chromius of Etna.

'THOU blossom fair of famous Syracuse,
 Alpheius' holy rest, Ortygia,
 Thou bed of Artemis,
 Sister of Delos' isle, in thee I find the source
 Of dulcet song,
 That hymns, for sake of Etna's sovereign Zeus,
 The mighty praise of tempest-footed horse.
 And Chromius' car at Nemea
 In honour of his victories
 Compels my strain to join the plaudits of the throng.

For the foundations by the gods were placed
 Of yonder mortal's godlike bravery ;
 And in success there lies
 The highest excellence of glory ; and to nurse
 The memory
 Of noble deeds that conquest's palm has graced

Delights the Muse. With splendour then asperse
 The isle that to Persephone
 Olympus' king who rules the skies,
 Zeus, gave with solemn nod, of earth's fertility

The very chiefest flower, Sikelia
 Rich in the citadels of wealthy towns, to own.
 And therewithal the son of Kronos gave
 A people brave
 To woo on horseback clash of martial steel,
 Nor yet unused to feel
 The golden olive of Olympia
 Twined in their tresses. Oft my shafts not falsely thrown

Have hit the mark. And now I stand within
 The outer portals of a host and friend,
 Singing his handsomeness,
 Where for my welcoming the fitting feast is decked.
 For yonder courts
 Have large experience of taking in
 The stranger. They that foolishly expect
 Good fame by slander's tongue to end,
 But water smoke. For worthiness
 Is divers ways displayed, and in their several sorts

Men all should strive their best straightforwardly.
 And strength for work avails, for counsel mind,
 The gift inborn to tell
 Future events. And thou, Agesidamus' son,
 Hast both of these
 By nature had to use. No wish have I
 Vast wealth in chambers hid to gloat upon ;
 But, always to my neighbours kind,
 In comfort and good name to dwell.
 For Hope is free to all, and comes whene'er she please

To all the sons of toil. But gladly I,
 Waking the ancient tale how high his virtue rose,
 Hold fast to Herakles's memory ;
 And sing how he
 The son of Zeus,—from out his mother's womb
 As soon as he had come
 To the fair shining of his father's sky,
 With his twin brother scaped from endless travail-throes,

But not escaping the malign regard
 Of golden-thronèd Hera,—swaddled lay
 In wraps of saffron hue.
 Then hot with wrath the queen of heaven in haste dispatched

Two dragons gray,
 Which quickly through the open portals fared
 To their bed-chamber wide, and fain had snatched,
 Lapped quickly in their coils, away
 Both babes. But he their coming knew,
 And raised his head upright, and first began the fray,

Grasping with both his hands the serpents twain
 Tight by the neck with force they could not flee,
 Till they were choked, and till
 Time from their hideous forms the breath of being drove.

Then horrible
 Dread like an arrow smote the female train
 Who chanced, performing offices of love,
 About Alkmena's bed to be ;
 For to her feet unrobèd still
 She sprang from bed to fend th' assault of brutes so fell.

And fast with brazen weapons thronging ran
 The chiefs of Kadmus' folk ; and with them speeding on,
 A broadsword brandishing of scabbard bare,
 With stricken air
 Of bitter anguish,—for his private smart
 Goes home to every heart

Alike, but if mishap another man
 Befall, we soon take comfort,—came Amphitryon,

And stood amazed with sorrow and delight
 Commingled, for he saw th' unnatural
 Courage and strength his boy
 Possessed, and how the gods the message full of fear
 Had falsified.

The prophet then of Zeus supreme in might,
 Teiresias his neighbour, truthful seer,
 He summoned, who obeyed the call,
 And showed him filling him with joy
 And all his host what fates the baby should betide ;

How many foul wild beasts by field and flood
 He should destroy ; how many evil men,
 Walking in crooked way
 Of lawless insolence, he should consign to death,
 He told ; and how,
 On Phlegra's plain when with the giant-brood
 The gods should join in battle, felled beneath
 The hurling of his javelins then
 Full many a foeman bold should lay
 His ringlets bright with oil in earth's defilement low :

But he himself, in splendid recompense
For wondrous toils endured, uninterruptedly
In peaceful calm in realms delectable
For aye should dwell :
Where blooming Hebe should become his bride,
And at the feast beside
Zeus, son of Kronos, he should sit, and thence
Extol that stately home's supreme felicity.

2. To Timodemus of Athens.

As bards who boast themselves the progeny
 Of Homer, when they gin
 Recitals of heroic poesy,
 With Zeus are wonted to prelude,
 So this man now
 His earnest gains of crowns, that wreath the brow
 Of them the sacred games that win,
 In Nemeän Zeus's song-renowned wood.

And yet Timonoüs's son is bound,
 If on his father's way,
 The pride of mighty Athens, he be found
 Life's path straight-forwardly to tread.
 Ofttimes to pluck
 The fairest flower of Isthmus' godsent luck ;
 And often shall he win the day

In Pytho's list : as surely as 'tis said

Not distant from the mountain Pleiades

Orion's star must sail.

And Salamis has many witnesses

How she a fighting-man can rear :

For Aias' blow

Hektor on Troas' plain had cause to know.

And thy pancratic prowess will avail

Thee, Timodemus, higher still to bear.

Time-honoured is Acharnæ's blazonry

For famous men. Of all

Foremost in sports the Timodemidæ

Have always borne away the bell.

For four times home

From lordly-browed Parnassus they have come

The heroes of the festival :

And twice four times in good king Pelops' dell

They gained the victor's garland from the men

Of Corinth, and have here

In Nemeä seven times triumphant been,

And in Athenian Zeus's games

Won countless times.

To whom for Timodemus raise the rhymes

Of wassail now, and wish him cheer

And proud return. Begin your sweet acclaims.

3. To Aristokleides of Aigina.

O venerated Muse, O mother mine,
 I pray thee in the sacred days
 Of Nemeä
 Come to the Doric isle Aigina o'er the sea,
 Where strangers aye
 Are welcome. For beside Asopus' stream
 The youthful choir, who make our games the theme
 Of honied lays,
 Await thee, longing sore for that sweet voice of thine.
 Good work is thirsty for its proper meed
 Each in its sort ; and songs the rightest seem
 To follow him to whom the crown has been decreed
 For bravery.

Whereof unsparing affluence bestow
 Through craft of mine. The hymn begin

Acceptable,
 O daughter, to the lord of cloud-engirdled heaven ;
 And with its swell
 My cittern I will join and choral strains,
 And th' island's glory pleasurable pains
 Shall have, wherein
 Dwelt warlike Myrmidons long centuries ago.
 Not on their market-place of old renown
 Aristokleides brought dishonour's stains
 By thy decree ; his strong endurance broke not down,
 Though he has striven

The meed of pancratist to win ; and victory
 In Nemeä's deep vale can healing bring
 For painful blows and labours harassing.
 Yet comely though his form, and though his deeds agree
 Well with his looks, the son of Aristophanes
 Has reached the highest feat he can achieve ;
 He will not find it easy work to cleave
 The trackless sea beyond the posts of Herakles,

By th' hero-god for famous witnesses
 Of that his furthest voyage placed.
 When in his strength

He quelled the monsters of the deep, and searchèd through
 The weary length
 Of channels mid the shoals, where he might find
 Safe passage to the home he left behind,
 And duly traced
 The limits of the land. My spirit, tell me, please,
 For what strange headland settest thou thy sail?
 To Aiakus, I tell thee, and his kind—
 For Right supreme enjoins to laud the good—thy tale
 Of song is due.

'T is not the love of strangers' fame that best
 Befits the singer. Seek at home
 Thy subject. There
 Thou hast a theme at hand to make thy descant on
 Surpassing fair.
 For kingly Peleus in the ages long
 Agone for bravery rejoiced in song,
 The wondersome
 Spearshaft who cut, and took alone without the rest
 Iolkos, and the seaborne Thetis caught
 By violence : and Telamon the strong
 At Iolaüs' side to utter ruin brought
 Laomedon ;

And followed him where bows of brass the Amazons
 Handle, nor once did soul-subduing dread
 Check his high spirit. Eminence inbred
 Has mighty leverage : but he that only cons
 A lesson, blowing hot and cold alternately,
 Ne'er puts his foot with firmness down, but wastes
 Good effort on ten thousand fruitless tastes.
 But e'en when staying in the home of Philyre

Ruddy Achilles in his childhood played
 At deeds heroic ; oft would swing
 In baby hand
 His little javelin barbed with steel, and swift as wind
 Would with his brand
 Do murder on the lions 'mid the wold,
 Or slaughter boars. When but a six-year-old
 He 'gan to bring
 Their palpitating forms, himself all undismayed,
 To Kronos' Kentaur-son, and aye from this
 Persisted in his triumphs manifold ;
 Till bold Athena saw, and huntress Artemis,
 With awestruck mind

Him kill the deer without or cunning snare

Or aiding hound, for in his feet
 His strength appeared.
 I have a story, told by them of former days,
 How Cheiron reared
 With deepest counsels in his cavernous
 Home first Iason, next Asklepius,
 And precepts meet
 Taught him, with gentle hand his medicines to prepare.
 There Nereus' noble daughter afterward
 He gave in marriage, and her marvellous
 Son tended, all his soul resolved to train and guard
 In such fit ways

That, carried by the sweep of ocean-winds afar
 To Troas, he might stand the battle-cries
 Of Lykian, Phrygian, Dardan, enemies
 Amid the clash of spears, and hand to hand in war
 Mix with the spearmen, in his heart determining
 That nevermore to his ancestral home
 Should Helenus' impetuous cousin come,
 Memnon the swarthy-skinned, their Ethiopian king.

Thence light that casts far radiance rose upon
 The lineage of Aiakus :

For thine they are,
 O Zeus, in blood ; and thine the strife that now in song
 The lads prepare,
 Hymning their country's joy, t' extol ; and well
 Jubilant shouts befit, and music's swell,
 Victorious
 Aristokleides, who on their Theäron,
 Pythian Apollo's holy house, bestows
 Illustrious care, and bids their voices tell
 The honours of this isle. Long trial only shows
 The truly strong.

At first among one's fellow boys a boy,
 And then a man with men, the third
 A later stage
 With elder folk, one proves how far we men succeed ;
 And long old age
 Makes excellences four, and bids one turn
 One's thoughts to things at hand, nor farther yearn.
 And by my word
 This virtue too is his. O friend, I give thee joy,
 And send thee this white milk with honey sprent,
 Where clinging round the bowl thou may'st discern
 A draught of song with soft Aiolian pipings blent,

For tardy meed.

Of all the birds that fly the eagle is most fleet
Of wing, and spies his quarry far away,
Gives chase, and quickly grasps the gory prey
With ruthless talons ; whilst in lowly places meet
The screaming daws. For thee, my friend, from Nemeä—
So queenly Klio wills—distinction's beam
For thy victorious spirit bright doth gleam,
From Epidaurus too, and eke from Megara.

4. To Timasarchus of Zigina.

A FESTIVE bout, when toil is o'er
 And judgment done, may best restore
 Exhausted thews ; and hymns,
 The Muses' gifted children, love
 Their soothing charms of touch to prove.

The ease that weary limbs,
 In tepid baths relaxed, obtain
 Compares not with the cittern's strain

Attuned to words of praise :
 For word has longer life than deed,
 Whene'er the Graces have decreed
 To deeply-musing tongue the meed
 Of long-protracted days.

Be such my feast-preluding lay
 For Kronos' Zeus, and Nemeä,
 And 'Timasarchus' feat

Of wrestle. Let the dwelling-place
Of Aiakus' heroic race,

 This towered island, greet
It well, where law's fair lamp is set
Of help for foreigners. If yet

 Timokritus thy sire
Could warm him in the fierce sunshine,
His now had been the hand, not mine,
Thy song of triumph to combine
 With his melodious lyre.

Kleonæ's list thy garlands' chain
Began, which Athens twined again,
 Bright city of renown.
In Thebes the seven-portallèd,
Where splendour sepulchres her dead
 Hero Amphitryon,
Her Kadmus' sons delighted wove
With flowers, for Aigina's love,
 Thy locks ; for thou wert come,
A friend to friends, the memories
Of ancient hospitalities
Awakening, to Herakles'
 Supremely happy home.

With whom the stalwart Telamon
 In days primeval fell upon
 Troy and the Meropes ;
 And slew the huge, dread, man of war
 Alkyoneus ; but not before .

 Twelve four-horse carriages,
 And twice as many valiant men
 Who mounted them or held the rein,

 Beneath his boulders fell.
 Witless of battle were the wight,
 Who could not understand aright
 That he, on whom successes light,
 May light on harm as well.

But custom all I fain would say
 Precludes, and hours that will not stay.

 Yet this new moon my heart,
 As if by wryneck spell, is bent
 The story shortly to present.

 Although, my soul, thou art
 Amidst the deep and briny sea
 Half-whelmed, resist the treachery :

 Then we in broad daylight
 Shall come to land with genial skies,

Superior to our enemies ;
 While th' other, envy in his eyes,
 Revolves in gloomy night

His futile earthward thought. To me
 What gift imperial Destiny

 Has granted, I know well.
 And coming time shall perfect it
 As fate decrees. So prythee fit
 To Lydian music's swell,
 O sweet my lyre, at once and here,
 The theme to fair Oinone dear,
 And Kyprus' sea-beat strand ;
 Where Teukros, son of Telamon,
 In exile holds a foreign throne ;
 While Salamis, by birth his own,
 Obeyes her Aias' hand ;

And 'midst the Hospitable Main
 His gleaming isle Achilles' reign.

 Fair Thetis Phthia sways ;
 And where Epeirus wide is spread,
 Beginning from Dodona's head,
 To far Ionia's bays,

In mountain-ridges herds to feed,
 The herdsman still reveres the rede
 Of young Neoptolemos :
 And proud Iolkos Peleus gave
 To Haimon's children, when with glaive
 Of foe he sought her, for a slave
 At foot of Pelios,

Ware of the subtle treachery
 Akastus' wife Hippolyte
 Had planned ; for Pelias' seed
 With curiously-fashioned knife
 Laid ambush for the stranger's life.
 But fate by Zeus decreed
 Was carried out ; for Cheiron came
 And foiled him. All-subduing flame
 When he had masterèd,
 And 'scaped the lion's sharpest claws,
 And savage craft, and fearful jaws
 With fangs tremendous armed because
 A mortal he would wed

One of the high-enthroned array
 Of Nereids, Peleus gat his way ;

And saw the rounded seat,
 Whence they who rule the sky and sea
 On him for his posterity

Their gifts and power great
 Bestowed. To sail is not allowed
 Beyond Gadeira's banks of cloud.

So for the continent
 Of Europe trim thy barque again.
 At length the glories of the reign
 Of Aiakus's sons my strain

To hymn were vainly bent.

But, as I promised, glad I came
 To Isthmus' and Olympia's game

And Nemeä's, that limbs
 Make strong, with ready heraldry
 The fame of the Theandridæ

To blazon in my hymns ;
 Who from the trial never come
 Uncrowned with fruitful honours home.

And now we hear that these
 Thy clansmen, Timasarchus, will
 There join the melodies that shrill
 Thy triumph. If thou bid'st me still

To raise for Kallikles,

Thy mother's brother, column new
Than Paros' stone more white of hue ;

As brightest lights appear
In smelting gold, so song, the meed
That chronicles his noble deed,

Can make a man the peer
Of kings ; and though by Acheron
He dwell, my voice's ringing tone
Shall reach him even there.

Because in Corinth's rivalry
Before the thunderous deity
Who wields the trident gaily he
The parsley wreath did wear.

And gladsomely thy father's sire,
Old Euphanes, attuned his lyre

His praise to chaunt, my boy.
Well—others lived in other days ;
But each man hopes that terms of praise

Himself can best employ
For whatso feat himself has seen.
Melesias to laud, I ween,

Of strife would clear the field.
Invincible in speaking, he
To goodly folk benignantly
Behaves, a stubborn enemy
To them that will not yield.

5. To Pytheas of Aigina.

I AM no sculptor, statued forms to make,
 In idleness impassible
 Aye on the selfsame pedestal
 To stand. From our Aigina passage take
 By merchantman and skiff, sweet song, and speak
 How Pytheäs, Lampo's strong-limbed-son,
 In Nemeä the crown has won
 Of pancratist, ere yet upon his cheek
 The summer-tint like tender vine-down shone ;

And graced th' Aiakidæ with fresh renown, —
 The warrior heroes, who from Zeus'
 And Kronos' loins their line deduce
 And Nereus' golden maids,—their mother-town
 And lands to strangers friendly honouring.
 For whose success upon the brine
 Erst by th' Hellenic Father's shrine

Endeïs' famous sons stood worshipping
 With strong king Phokus, raising hands and eyne

To heaven. Him on the margin of the sea
 The goddess Psamatheä bare.

A deed tremendous dared unrighteously
 I fear to utter ; why the pair
 Quitted their glorious isle, and what avenging god
 Drove from Oinone men of such high hardihood.

I stay me. 'T is not always best
 That naked Truth should self-confessed
 To all the crowd her fearless forehead show.
 'T is wisest oft to hide within the breast
 In silence what we hap to know.

But if to wealth or strength of hand I deem
 My praises due, or iron war,
 Long though the leap they might prepare,
 To my knees' agile flight 'twould nothing seem.
 The eagles wing their way across the deep :
 And glad the Muses' peerless choir
 Sang them on Pelion, his lyre
 Seven-tongued while Phoibos in their midst would sweep
 With golden bow, that flashed and leaped like fire

Through strains of many measures. First they 'gan

Of Zeus to sing, and Thetis' brow

So sweetly grave, and Peleus, how

He nigh was trammelled in the crafty plan

Of Kretheus' dainty child Hippolyte ;

Who strove her husband to beguile,

Magnetia's lord, with many a wile,

Piecing together lying tales that he

Akastus' marriage-bed would sully ; while

'T was just the other way. With burning heart

And speech she oft solicited

His love : her evil words bred only smart

And ire : he spurned the girl for dread

Of him who guards the rights of hospitality,

The cloud-assembling Sire, King of immortals. He

From heaven perceiving bowed assent ;

Then quickly to Poseidon went,

For Peleus urging him an Ocean-bride,

A golden-spindled Nereïd, content

With mortal kinship, to provide.

Oft to the famous Dorian Isthmus he

From Aigæ's island swiftly speeds,

Where jubilant throngs with vocal reeds
 Welcome the god, and show their rivalry
 In fearless strength of limb. 'T is Fate decrees
 Their kindred meed of praise to all.
 And there thou in the arms didst fall
 Of Victory divine, Euthymenes,
 And reap Aigina's choral hymns withal.

And even now thy uncle noble proves
 His kindred folk, who follow in
 His footsteps, Pytheäs, crowns to win.
 Him Nemeä and the month Apollo loves,
 His country's month, conspired to suit, and he
 All comers of his age at home
 Beat, and in Nisus' lovely coomb.
 Well-pleased am I that for the mastery
 The whole state strives. But know thy luck has come

Thanks to Menander, balm for all thy pain.
 The athletes' trainer well may hail
 From Athens. But Themistius if thou fain
 Would'st sing, then shrink not, hoist thy sail
 Up to the main-top yard, give thy voice utterance,
 And cry aloud how he attained the double chance

To win in Epidaurus' list
In wrestle, and as pancratist ;
And to the porch of Aiakus upbare
Garlands which leaves with blossoms intertwist
Through th' auburn-tressèd Graces' care.

6. To Alkimides of Zigina.

THE race of men
 And gods is one ; at one the selfsame mother's breast
 We all draw in the breath of life. But infinite
 Diversity of powers now divides
 One from the other : so that we are naught,
 But aye the brazen heaven abides
 For them a place of rest.
 Yet somewhat still in mighty thought
 Or form the deathless we
 May near ; although we may not ken
 What sort of goal unflinching Destiny
 By day or night
 For us to run for may decree.

And so but now
 Alkimides the proof of consanguinity
 Shows for us all to see. Like fruitful harvest-fields,

That changefully one year produce for men
 The yearly food-crop of the plains, and one
 Rest to recruit their strength again ;
 A boyish victor he,
 From Zeus the fortune having won,
 From the beloved games
 Of Nemeä returns, his brow
 With garlands circled, not without his claims
 To whatso yields
 Fame to triumphant wrestlers' names.

He planted every footstep painfully
 Along the ancient track
 Praxidamas his father's father made :
 For he the first for the Aiakidæ
 The olive wreath
 Brought from Alpheius of Olympic victory ;
 And coming five times crowned from Isthmus back,
 And thrice from Nemeä's green glade,
 He saved Sokleides, eldest son
 Of Agesimachus, from dark oblivion,
 The worser death.

For these were three

Who dared to taste of toil, and bearing off its prize
 Reached the supremest height of honoured hardihood.
 Nor e'er did heav'n-prospered thews make proud
 Another house with greater store of crowns,
 Won in the valley whither crowd
 With eager, scanning, eyes
 The throngs of all broad Hellas' towns.
 And I do hope my strain
 Of triumph may successfully,
 Like dart from bowstring shot, its aim attain :
 So thither, good
 My muse, I pray, direct again

 Thy glorious gale
 Of song. For songs and tales each honourable deed
 Of those now passed away accompanied : and these
 Were never scarce among the Bassidæ,
 A race of olden note, that bear their own
 Praise with them, able ceaselessly
 With themes of song to feed,
 Because of mighty works well done,
 Pieria's workmen's tongue.
 For once in Pytho's holy vale
 Kallias from the same high lineage sprung,

Who wont to please
Gold-spindled Leto's scions young,

With thongs around his knuckles gained the day,
And starlike shone at night
In songs the Graces sang by Castaly ;
And where in each third year the Amphictyons slay
The bull beside

Poseidon's grove, the son of Kreon many a day
The narrow bridge, that bars the angry might
Of the unresting briny sea,
Held honoured ; and the lion's wreath
Of parsley Phlious' bare primeval hills beneath
His tresses tied.

On every side
The paths are open wide for chroniclers that would
This noble isle embellish, since th' Aiakidæ,
Exceeding merit showing, chances rare
Have given ; o'er the land and thwart the sea
Their name was wafted through the air
Abroad for hardihood ;
O'erleaping e'en the boundary
Of Ethiopia's sand,

When Memnon came not in his pride
 Back as aforetime to his distant land,
 Such enmity
 Achilles showed him hand to hand,

 Down from his car
 Leaping to ground, when with his ireful javelin's head
 He slew bright Eos' son. But o'er this wagon-road
 Others have driven teams in olden days.
 Yet carefully I follow in their wake :
 Though every man, the proverb says,
 That wave of all will dread
 The most, whose surges threat to break
 On his own vessel's bow.
 Still I have gladly come from far
 Upon a willing back to saddle now
 My double load
 Of heraldship, proclaiming how

This fifth success, beside the previous score,
 In contests which we call
 Divine, Alkimides has gained of late
 For his time-honoured kindred. Twice before
 By Zeus's grove

Thou and thy Polytimides of need forswore

The flowers of Olympia's festival

Through lots but too precipitate.

And swift as dolphin through the sea

Melesias I call, who hands and strength for thee

Like chariot drove.

7. To Sogenes of Igina.

OH ! hear me, Eileithuia, thou that sit'st beside
 The three weird sisters deep of thought,
 All-potent Hera's most prolific child !
 Without thy aid we ne'er had seen the light,
 Nor looked on sable night,
 Nor known thy sister Hebe fair of limb.
 Yet not for equal ends are all men brought
 To life, but binding Fates divide
 Each one from other. Yet through thy protection mild
 Has Sogenes, Theäriön's noble son,
 The pentathlete's distinction won ;
 So are his glories sung in our triumphal hymn.

Because his home is in the isle where song doth dwell ;
 And where the seed of Aiakus
 Love clash of spear, and joy in exercise
 To keep their souls for coming victory.

And he, whose feats may be
 By fortune blest, affords the Muses' stream
 Matter most sweet. For prowess marvellous,
 That lacks the song its worth to tell,
 Thick darkness shrouds : and we can hold no otherwise
 The mirror up to work well done, save we
 Bright-filleted Mnemosyne
 Win to make toil's reward the poet's honoured theme.

The wise perceive three days before it come
 The signs of windy weather,
 Nor run for gain the risk of injury.
 Rich men and poor together
 Travel the road whose goal is death ; and we
 Deem not Odysseus bare such doom
 As seems from Homer's charming poesy.

Since he by soaring art imparts solemnity
 To fiction, leading us astray
 With fables by his lore contrived ; and most
 Amongst us men are ever blind of heart.
 For, had there been an art
 To know the Truth, then not for armour's sake
 Had Aias stout his sword so brightly gray

Deep in his bosom thrust ; for he
 Except Achilles was the bravest of the host,
 Whom steady-blowing Zephyr's escort bore
 In speedy ships the waters o'er,—
 His wife for yellow Menelaüs home to take,—

To Ilus' city. But the wave of Hades flows
 To whelm us all alike, and falls
 On him that waits it and that waits it not.
 But honour springs for them, for whom when dead
 A god prepares the aid
 Of graceful story, who wide-bosomèd
 Earth's centre-stone have reached. When Priam's halls
 Neoptolemus had sacked,—the close
 Of all the Danaan's long toil,—he saw this spot,
 And lies in Pythian ground ; for sailing home
 Skyros he missed, but happed to roam
 To Ephyre at last by devious courses led.

He in Molossia reigned but little while,—
 Though still his seed forever
 Have held that honour,—for when nigh he drew
 The altar, to deliver
 Troy's first-fruits rare, a fellow of his crew

In quarrel o'er the fleshy spoil
 With carving-knife the chief attacked and slew.

And sore the kindly Delphic folk were grieved, although
 He did but pay the debt of fate.
 For need it was that one of kingly birth
 Of Aiakus' descent should aye remain
 Beside the well-built fane
 Of Phoibos, in that oldest close to be
 A resident chief-officer of state,
 The heroes' sacrificial show
 To see performed with due respect. Three words are worth
 Much speaking, since no witness false presides
 O'er Pytho's rites ; no risk betides
 Me, when I say that those who come of Zeus and thee,

Aigina, claim renown in right of ancestry
 For shining worth. But rest is sweet
 In every sort of work ; and honey e'en,
 And Aphrodite's choicest blossoms, breed
 Surfeit in them that feed
 Too long thereon. By nature each man lives
 A life distinct ; no one of us may meet
 With unalloyed felicity :

That were impossible. Sharing her gifts between
 Us fairly, perfect, lasting, bliss to none
 That I can name has Moira shown :
 Still ample share of luck, Theäron, now she gives

To thee, with daring set on objects high
 Sagacity uniting,
 A guest and stranger I am here to-day,
 Jealous detraction slighting :
 Like one who makes the river water-way
 A friend's dry meads to moisten, I
 Will laud true glory, good men's richest pay.

None of Achaia's men shall blame me, be he nigh
 Though dwelling on Ionia's sea ;
 Here on the public friendship I may lean ;
 And when at home among my countrymen,
 My eye is bright of ken :
 Not passing bounds, out of my path I roll
 All violence. May years oncoming be
 Cheery ; and men shall say if I
 To scandal's tattle use my singing to demean.
 O Sogenes, from Euxenus' proud line
 Descended, this quick tongue of mine

Like javelin brazen-cheeked I ne'er beyond the goal

Have sped, I swear it. Thou from wrestling-feat

Broughtest thy neck and strength undewed

With moisture, till thy young limbs fell within

The sunshine's scorching reach. If toil be sore

Joy follows all the more.

Nay, let me be ; for if perhaps too gay

I cried a little loud, I still am good

To pay the winner honour meet.

'T is lightsome work to weave the crowns. The song begin :

For surely gold and snow-white ivory

The Muse to-day entwines for thee

With lily-flowers plucked beneath the salt sea spray.

When thou dost mention make at Nemeä

Of Zeus, thou must discreetly

Control the varied tones of those who sing.

And fit it is that sweetly

Low voices in this plot should praise the king

Of gods ; for Aiakus, they say,

His mother bore to his high fathering,

Lord of his own fair isle to be, and brother dear

And loving friend, O Herakles,
 To thee. And if man ever get by man
 Advantage, we should say a neighbour's love
 Strong, hearty, true, would prove
 Joy to his neighbour worth the world beside.
 And if a god would give us gifts like these,
 Oh ! then full fain to dwell anear
 Thy temple, who hast quelled the Giants' godless clan,
 With fortune crowned were Sogenes' desire
 In gentle tendance on his sire,
 In that rich street where his forefathers lived and died.

For like the pole upon the double-yokèd car
 His home, O blessed hero, lies
 'Twixt thy domains that stretch on either hand.
 Thine is it Hera's husband to persuade,
 And the fierce grey-eyed maid ;
 Nay and thyself to mortals oft canst give
 Aid in embarrassing perplexities.
 Oh ! would that life, with nought to mar
 Its happiness, and strength its trials to withstand,
 Thou wouldest weave for them, for youth's glad stage,
 And comfortable, calm, old age !
 And that their sons' sons aye may high in honour live

As now, and higher after. Ne'er did I,—

I will not make admission,—

Neoptolemus with scurvy words abuse.

Yet endless repetition

Of praise itself can serve no sort of use :

As chatter-boxes idly cry

Three times and four, “ Korinthus is of Zeus.”

8. To Deinis of Aigina.

O ROYAL time of Spring, that heraldest
 Bright Aphrodite's loves divine,
 And sitting on the lids of maidens' eyes and boys'
 Wilt one with soft compulsion's gentle hands
 Ennoble, while thy spell destroys
 Or scathes another's breast.
 'T is passing sweet to own the power that commands
 In every case love's better joys,
 Nor wander from the path when Fortune is benign.

'T was thus the shepherds of the gifts conferred
 By her of Kyprus o'er the bed
 Of Zeus and of Aigina watched ; and thence arose
 A son, Oinone's king, alike the best
 In counsel calm and heavy blows.
 And many prayers were heard
 Of men that they might see him : for uncalled, unpressed.

The bravest of the heroes chose,
Who dwelt around, by him as chieftain to be led ;

They who in rocky Athens kept her host
In discipline, and Pelops' seed,
Lords of the Spartan land. In suppliance
I clasp the venerated knees of Aiakus
For this dear isle and these her habitants,
Bearing my Lydian chaplet, wrought
With many a curious
Device of thrilling song and sounding reed,
For Deimis' double course from Nemeä brought
To make his father Meges glorious.
For weal with heaven begot aye stays by men the most.

With wealth erewhile this loaded Kinyras
In sea-girt Kyprus. Now I stand
Tiptoe afoot, and draw my breath before I speak.
For much has oft been told and many-wise :
Yet great the peril if one seek
And find new truth, alas !
For proof to lay it on the touchstone. Dainty prize
Are tales to Envy's tongue, the weak
That ne'er assaults, but stalks the noblest in the land.

Envy devoured the son of Telamon ;
 For this upon his sword he died :
 For in the dismal strife oblivion is the meed
 Of one not quick of speech but bold of heart ;
 And highest honours are decreed
 To falsehood's shifty tone.
 For Greeks with votes clandestine took Odysseus' part ;
 And spoiled of th' arms of gold, his right indeed,
 Aias was left alone to combat suicide.

Yet not alike the wounds in battle free
 They dealt hot-blooded on the foe,
 Some round Achilles' body scarcely cold,
 Some in the other toils of those disastrous days,
 'Neath the protecting lance. But e'en of old
 Hateful Deception had her hour ;
 Who travels in the ways
 Where Flattery and Guile are wont to go,
 Wily of mind, an ill of baleful power,
 That presses hard on brilliancy, to raise
 The rotten fame of one meet for obscurity.

Be ne'er such habit mine, O father Zeus ;
 To simple paths of life let me

Hold fast, that dying I may leave my sons a fame
 Unsmirched by evil rumour. Some men pray
 For gold, and others fain would claim
 Unbounded lands to use ;
 But I desire in earth my limbs to hide away
 In favour with my fellows, blame
 Casting on all things foul, and lauding bravery.

For merit, as a tree fed by gray dews
 Shoots up toward the moistened air,
 Grows aye more perfect, by the just of men and wise
 Being exalted. Great and manifold
 Needs of a friendly hand arise :
 And though its highest use
 Be seen in trouble, joy is eager to behold
 Proof of itself before its eyes.
 Meges my friend, to bid thy soul again repair

To earth is past my strength ; and wishes vain
 Have empty ending. But I can
 Build for thy house and the Chariadæ
 A mighty monument of song, to celebrate
 Two lucky pairs of feet. And joyfully
 I vaunt me as befits the deed :

For song has magic great
To kill the pain of toil for toiling man.
And festal hymns, the conqueror's best meed,
Were known to singers of remotest date ;
Before Adrastus fought, or Kadmus' kin were slain.

9. To Chromius of Etna.

COME, Muses ; from Apollo's home
 In Sikyon we'll lead the brawls
 To new-built Etna till we come,
 And enter Chromius' happy halls ;
 Where yielding gates' fly open wide
 Before his guests' triumphant tide.
 But words with sweetest minstrelsy
 Combine ; for when his conquering
 Chariot he mounts, he claims that we
 A song should to the Mother sing,
 And to her children twain, who keep
 Together watch o'er Pytho's lofty steep.

An ancient proverb serves to bid
 That honest work, when fairly done,
 Should never be in silence hid

Beneath the ground. Th' exultant tone
 Of song divine may fittest suit
 High deeds : and we the sounding lute
 And fife will rouse to hymn the prime
 Of games, where steeds of famous blood
 Contend, which in the olden time
 Adrastus by Asopus' flood
 Stablished for Phoibos' sake : and we
 Will deck with honours for their memory

The hero who was monarch then ;
 And there in novel festival,
 Where hollow cars and valiant men
 As rivals strove, displayed to all
 His city's glory. For he fled,
 Through bold Amphiaraüs' dread,
 To 'scape sedition murderous
 From Argos and his father's home ;
 Since there the sons of Talaüs
 Bare rule no longer, overcome
 By faction : for the stronger hand
 Puts down the early usage of a land.

But Eriphyle, fatal wife,

When to Oikleus' son they gave,
 For surety leal of ended strife,
 They grew the greatest 'mong the brave
 Yellow-haired Danaans : so they
 In those old days their host's array
 To Thebes the seven-gated led
 Without one favourable sign
 From flight of birds ; nor overhead
 Did Zeus, who makes the lightning shine,
 Urge them from home in eager pride ;
 But bade them from the journey turn aside.

So swift to ruin sure and clear
 Sped that ill-omened army's ranks,
 With brazen arms and splendid gear
 Of steeds. But on Ismenus' banks,—
 Sweet hopes of home-returning dead
 And gone,—they with their bodies fed
 The thick white smoke. For seven pyres
 Feasted on young limbs fresh and brave :
 But Zeus, who wields th' eternal fires,
 With thunderbolt resistless clave
 Deep-bosomed Earth, and hid in death
 Amphiaraüs and his steeds beneath,

Ere Periklymenus's spear
 Had struck him in the back, and made
 His warrior's soul ashamed : for fear,—
 When gods conspire to make afraid,—
 Puts even sons of gods to flight.
 O son of Kronos, if it might
 So be, I fain would long delay
 This bold but sore arbitrament,
 Where life and death hang on the fray,
 With yon Phoinikian armament ;
 And pray thee grant that orderly
 The lot of Etna's children long may be.

Nay I would rather they should choose
 In civic triumphs their success.
 For men there are there, father Zeus,
 Who love the steed, and souls possess
 Superior to gain, although
 Untrusty sound my words, I know.
 For unawares is Modesty
 Despoiled by love of gain, though fraught
 With glory : but hadst thou been by
 When foot, and horse, and navies, fought,
 Chromius' shield-bearer, thine had been

Throughout the risk of battle's piercing din

To judge in stress of fight how well
 That selfsame goddess Modesty
 Nerved his brave spirit to repel
 The War-god's havoc. Few there be
 With limbs and soul and wit to know
 To turn upon the marshalled foe
 That dreadful cloud, when big with blood
 About their feet and o'er their head
 It gathers. By Scamander's flood
 For Hektor glory's flower is said
 Once to have bloomed ; and so beside
 The beetling cliffs that hem Helorus' tide,

Hard by the well-known ford that bears
 Areä's name, this light has shone,
 In early prime of manhood's years,
 Upon Agesidamus' son.
 And many a tale have I to tell
 Of struggles where he bore him well,
 Some on the dusty plain, and some
 On yonder sea, its neighbour bright.
 And out of toils is wont to come,

When young men toil with purpose right,
 Calm in old age. Then let him wot
 What wondrous bliss the gods have made his lot.

For if to wealth's abundant store
 Be joined illustrious repute,
 A mortal man may strive no more
 On other heights to plant his foot.
 But friends at banquet met delight
 In quiet ; and triumphant might,
 Though fresh its youthful vigour be,
 Will gather strength from gentle song ;
 And when the bowl is flowing free
 Unwonted courage fires the tongue.
 Then straight let some one mix for me
 This welcome harbinger of revelry.

The headstrong offspring of the vine
 Let them in silver goblets pour ;
 Which late, on Chromius' board to shine,
 From Sikyon's god-haunted shore
 His matchless mares have gained and sent,
 With Phoibos' well-won chaplets blent.
 O father Zeus, to thee I pray,

Grant me the Graces' aid to sing
This worthy deed ; and let my lay,
His newest triumph dowering
With honour, many lays excel,
Striking the Muses' mark with aim invincible !

10. To Theaius of Argos.

THE town of Danaüs
 With fifty daughters each on splendid throne,
 Argos, the worthy home of Hera's godship sing,
 Ye Graces; for she shines with excellence
 Of hardy deeds in days far hence.
 'T were tedious
 What Perseus with Medusa's Gorgon-head
 Performed to tell; or how in Egypt Epaphus
 Established cities fair past numbering;
 Nor when she kept her sword, in purpose all alone,
 Safe in its sheath was Hypermnestra's soul misled.

And once the yellow-tressed
 Gray-eyed Athena made a god divine
 Of Diomedes; once, smit by the bolt of Zeus,
 The Theban soil Oïkleus' prophet-son,
 War's very storm-cloud, closed upon:

And still she best
 Is famed for fair-haired women. Zeus of old
 Seeking Alkmena's arms and Danaë's confessed
 This ancient saying true. She too the use
 Gave to Adrastus' son and Lynkeus to combine
 Perfect uprightness with ripe wisdom manifold,

And nursed the courage of Amphitryon.
 Nay and the mightiest
 In bliss to his affinity
 Came down, for when
 With brazen weapons the Teleboæ
 He slew, the king of gods his semblance deigned to don,
 And to his chamber pressed,
 Bearing the fearless seed of Herakles ;
 Whose matchless bride,
 Fairest of goddesses,
 Hebe, Olympus treads beside
 The Mother who fulfils the vows of men.

Too poor my tongue to tell
 All the good things that fate has made the share
 Of Argos' wide domains : and envious folk are hard
 To meet. But still thy well-strung lyre awake,

Bid her of wrestling-matches take

Good heed and well.

For lo ! to Hera's solemn sacrifice

The brazen contest bids the eager people swell,

To see each winner get his own reward :

And Oulias's son Theaius winning there

Has patient labour drowned in sweet oblivion twice.

He in the days gone by

All Hellas' host at Pytho o'erthrew ;

And coming companied by fortune gained the crown

At Isthmus and at Nemeä, to yield

The Muses an unfurrowed field ;

Three times he won

By the sea's gates, and on the sacred plain

Thrice by Adrastus' laws in peerless might he shone.

O father Zeus, his tongue will not make known

His soul's desires ; but all result to thee is due :

No faint-heart he that prays so boldly grace to gain.

Known to Theaius and to all, who e'er

Strive for the chiefest prize

Of th' highest games, I tell my tale :

How over all

The Pisan rites of Herakles prevail :
 But twice Theaius' feats to dithyrambic air
 At Athens' mysteries
 Sweet voices have proclaimed in revel-song ;
 And once in clay
 Fire-hardened to the strong
 People of Hera came the gray
 Old olive's fruit in jars pictorial.

Thick on thy mother's race
 Of wide renown the contests' honours fall,
 Theaius, granted by the Graces and the twin
 Tyndaridæ. But I would never hide,
 Were I to Thrasyklus allied,—
 As is thy case,—
 And Antias, the radiance of my eyes
 From Argos' folk. For count how many triumphs grace
 Proitus' horse-breeding city. To begin
 Four times betwixt her bays at Corinth's festival,
 And from Kleonæ's men four times they took the prize ;

Then home from Sikyon
 Enriched with silver wine-cups they returned ;
 And from Pellene came with cloaks upon their backs

Of softest wool ; but all their countless plate
 And bronzes to enumerate
 Would lay upon
 Me more than I can do. A longer space
 Of leisure time 't would need to tell them one by one,
 At Kleitor, Tegeä, in the mountain-tracks
 Of rough Achaia's towns, or on Lykaius earned
 Nigh Zeus's fane by strength of hand or speed of pace.

Since Kastor erst and Polydeukes came
 Twin boys petitioning
 Old guestship's rights from Pamphaës,
 We marvel not
 To find inbred in them the qualities
 Of right good wrestlers. For the fate of every game
 Is in the ordering
 Of ample Sparta's lords, with Herakles'
 And Hermes' aid.
 And just men's honour these
 Their special care have always made :
 Yea faithful is the race by gods begot.

And interchanging still
 Alternate days, they live for one beside

Their loving father Zeus, and lie the next beneath
 Earth's bowels in the vales of Therapne,
 Filling an equal destiny.

 This lot the will
 Of Polydeukes chose, rather than dwell
 Wholly a god for aye upon Olympus' hill,
 When Kastor had in combat met his death ;
 With javelin-point of bronze when Idas smote his side,
 While for his missing kine his wrath was terrible.

 Far from Taygetus,
 As on an oaken bole the brothers sate,
 Lynkeus upon his watch espied them ; for his sight
 The sharpest was that ever earthly man
 Was gifted with : then straight they ran
 Impetuous
 With nimble feet, and schemed a mighty doom
 To bring about. But in one end calamitous
 The sons of Aphareus were through the might
 Of Zeus involved : for Leda's son precipitate
 Came in pursuit ; and they against their father's tomb

 Stood up to meet him. There a polished stone,
 The head-piece of the grave,

Grasping, at Polydeukes' breast
 They hurled it : yet
 They crushed him not, nor made him in the least
 Give back ; but rushing on through Lynkeus' mid-rib bone
 His spear's quick point he drave.
 And Zeus his smoking bolt on Idas' head
 Cast, fraught with flame :
 And both lay scorched and dead
 Unholpen. 'T is a losing game
 For man against a stronger power to fret.

 Then swiftly back again
 To his strong brother Tyndareus's son
 Hasted, and found him not yet dead, but every breath
 Laboured and rough ; then dropped hot tears beside
 His body, and with groanings cried
 Aloud, " From pain,
 O father son of Kronos, what shall be
 Deliverance? For me, great Sovereign, ordain
 That with my brother I partake his death.
 Honour from one bereft of those he loves is gone ;
 And few of men are true in dire extremity

Of toil to take their share."

This was his plaint ; and Zeus before him came,
 And spake these words : " Thou art my son ; but afterward
 Her hero-husband in thy mother's bed
 Of mortal seed thy brother bred.

But come howe'er,
 I give thee choice of two alternatives.
 If thou thyself alone wouldst on Olympus care,
 Escaping death and eld that men regard
 With hate, to dwell with me for evermore the same,
 Where my Athena, where black-spearèd Ares lives,

This destiny is thine : but if thou wilt
 Still for thy brother's sake
 Contend, and all thy lot with him
 To share dost ask,
 Then shalt thou half thy days dwell in the dim
 Regions beneath the earth, and half among the gilt
 Abodes of heaven." Thus spake
 The king of gods to Polydeukes. He
 No doubtful choice
 Expressed. Then speedily
 'Gan Zeus the eyes and then the voice
 To loose of Kastor of the brazen casque.

II. To Aristagoras of Tenedos.

DAUGHTER of Rheä whose it is to sway
 The civic hearth-stone, sister of most high
 Zeus and his partner Hera, Hestia,
 Our Aristagoras to thy retreat

With these his friends make welcome nigh
 Thy shining sceptre, since by this thy worship they
 Keep Tenedos—their home upright upon her feet ;

Much with libations glorifying thee
 As first of gods, and much with burning fat :
 While lyre and song unite their melody,
 And with perpetual feasts we celebrate
 Zeus who protects the stranger ; that
 So Aristagoras may, rich in dignity,
 His twelvemonth's task fulfil with heart unharmed by fate.

And I congratulate

His sire Arkesilas on such a son,
 Of form so fair and fearlessness innate.
 But if a man possessed of wealth excel

The comeliness

Of other men, and strength have shown
 As winner in the games, let him remember well

He still must don

On mortal limbs the festal gown,
 And will at last have nought but earth for dress.

Yet should he have the favourable word
 Of fellow-townsmen ; and 't is right that we
 With honied hymns should make his praises heard,
 And paint his virtues. By the folk around

For wrestle, and the mastery
 Of pancratist, with wreaths on conquerors conferred
 He and his famous clan have sixteen times been crowned.

His parents' hesitating hope and fear
 Their mighty son withheld, when fain to try
 At Pytho and Olympia ; and I swear
 I thoroughly am convinced that, had he come
 To thy clear waters, Castaly,
 Or Kronos' shady hill, in prowess more than peer

Of rival combatants he thence had hied him home,

The solemn revelry
Of the quinquennial feast of Herakles
First having led, with darkling greenery
Of olive round his tresses tied. But one
Of mortal mould

His empty-headed pride has thrown
Out of good fortune ; one a soul, that dares not run
The risk it sees,
Drags backward from success his own,
O'ercome with fright of being overbold.

'T were easy work his ancient ancestry
To piece from Sparta and Peisandros' blood ;
For with Orestes from Amyklæ he
A host of brazen-armed Aiolians led
Hither. And by Ismenus' flood
From Melanippus' loins his mother's family
Their blended worth derive. And excellence inbred

Of old, although for generations strange,
Recovers strength again. The swarthy field
Gives not its yearly crop without a change ;

Nor do the trees the fragrance of their bloom
 Always with equal richness yield
 Through all the circling years' interminable range,
 But vary evermore. So mortal folk does Doom

Conduct. There comes nowhence
 Sure sign from Zeus to men : but ne'ertheless
 We tread the paths of proud self-confidence,
 Our hearts on much performance bent ; for aye
 With hopes that know
 No shame our limbs are girt around ;
 And forethought's golden streams lie very far away.
 For greediness
 Of gain a limit must be found ;
 But mad loves unattained work keener woe.

FRAGMENTS.

I. Of Epinikia or Songs of Triumph.

I.

FAMOUS is Aiakus in tale, and great
 Aigina's naval fame :
 But when the Dorian army, sped by fate
 Divine, of Hyllus and Aigimius came,
 They took it for themselves ; but still
 Subject to ancient rule they dwell ;
 No law of gods or men in stubborn will
 O'erriding : but their neighbours they excel,
 As dolphins other fishes in the sea ;
 And prudent stewards are
 Of all the Muses fare,
 And where the wrestlers strive for mastery.

II.

Take from Taygetus Lakonias' hound,

If thou wouldst have the wisest of her race

Wild beasts to chase.

And Skyros' goats are found

The best above the milking-pail to stand.

From Argos get thy panoply

Of arms ; thy war-car from the land

Of Thebes ; but if thou wouldst a fancy carriage see,

That thou must seek in fruitful Sicily.

III.

And 't is a fitting meed

That men of worth in choicest song should be

Extolled ; for in no other wise

Can words lay hold of immortality

Of honour ; and a noble deed

Forgotten, dies.

2. Of Threnoi, or Dirges.

I.

FOR them the sun in all his strength below
 Shines, when with us 't is night :
 And meads with crimson roses' glow
 Before their town are dight ;
 And in the shade the trees
 Bend down with frankincense and golden fruit.
 And there some please
 Themselves with feats of horseback exercise,
 And some with draughts, and others with the lute.
 And every sort of happiness
 Blooms in luxuriance there :
 Whilst a sweet odour lies
 For aye above that land so fair
 From them that mingle victims numberless
 With fire, whose radiance shines

Afar, upon the gods' well-tended shrines.

II.

By blessèd destiny
 Each one of us an end attains
 Where labour gets release.
 And though with all
 The body at the bidding needs must be
 Of overpowering death, there yet remains
 Life's spirit still alive.
 For this alone
 Is from the gods : but whilst the limbs can strive
 It sleeps ; yet oft in dreams has shown
 To men asleep at ease
 The judgment soon to fall
 Of pleasant or of sad futurity.

III.

Souls of the impious
 In killing pains, excluded from the sky,
 Flit restless over earth's broad face,
 With gyves about their limbs

Of ills they cannot fly :
But pious souls in heaven their dwelling-place
Sing God Almighty's praise in tuneful hymns.

IV.

For some, from whom Persephone
Accepts atonement for an ancient wrong,
Back to the sun above
In the ninth year their souls she gives.
From these arise
Great kings of matchless might and noble lives,
And sages eminently wise.
And men thereafter love
To call them holy heroes through the long
Remainder of the years to be.

3. Of *Dithyramboi*, or Hymns in honour of *Dionysus*

I.

COME hither to the dance,
 Olympian gods, and send us glorious Grace,
 Ye who frequent
 The city's crowded centre, where the scent
 Of incense hangs about the holy walls
 Of Athens, and her famous market-place
 Gorgeous with ornament.
 Accept our out-poured offering
 Of wreaths of violets fresh-plucked in spring :
 And look on me as, by the will of Zeus
 I for the second time advance
 To th' ivy-girdled god with noble song,
 Whom mortal language calls
 Bromius, the Mighty Shouter. Here I came
 To hymn the offspring of a sire most high

And a Kadmeian dame.
 In Argive Nemeä the sprig of palm
 'Scapes not the prophet's eye,
 Soon as the Season's chamber-doors are loose,
 And nectar-laden plants perceive the scent
 Of Spring's fresh balm.
 Then tufts of violets are spread
 Over the ground in loveliness divine,
 And roses in our locks we twine.
 Sound therefore, choric throng,
 With flutes and vocal melody,
 Sound, loudly sound, the praise of Semele,
 Who wears the twisted fillet round her head.

II.

O Athens, glorious town,
 Resplendent, circled with thy crown
 Of violets and song,
 Thou only strong
 Bulwark of Hellas, city marvellous * * *

III.

* * * to thee,

Great Mother Kybele,

The cymbals as they whirl the rites begin,

And clashing castanets increase the din,

And through the air

The blazing yellow pine-wood torches flare.

4. Of Prosodia or Processional Hymns.

I.

ALL hail ! thou god-built daughter of the sea,
 Offshoot of earth
 To glossy-tressèd Leto's children twain most dear,
 This wide-spread world's unmoving progeny,
 Whom mortals Delos' isle,
 But blessed gods upon Olympus style
 Our darkling earth's conspicuous star,
 * * * * *
 For formerly by winds and buffets wild
 Of many a tempest she was borne about :
 But soon as Koius' child
 Came to her in the throes of birth,
 Four columns stout
 On adamantine bases 'gan uprear
 Themselves from Earth's deep roots that stretch afar

Unseen, and on their capitals they bare
 The rock ; and there
 After her pains 't was hers her happy babes to see.

II.

What can inspire
 The bard with sweeter zest,
 Or when he takes or lays aside his lyre,
 Than hymning Leto of the ample vest,
 And them that speed
 The fleetness of the steed?

III.

Nay by Olympian Zeus I thee entreat,
 O golden Pytho, famed for prophecy,
 With Aphrodite to thy sacred seat
 And with the Graces, welcome me
 The mouthpiece of Pieria's minstrelsy !

5. Of Skolia, or Wassail-songs.

I.

YE damsels of the hospitable kind,
 Who on Persuasion wait
 In wealthy Corinth, who to honour her
 Oft burn the yellow tears of paly trees
 Of frankincense, and fly in mind
 To bow before the Mother-queen of Love,
 The heavenly Aphrodite ; she
 Has granted ye,
 O children, her indulgence from above,
 Your prime's soft fruit
 To gather in the beds of pleasant ease.
 And all is fair when man with fate
 Contentds. But what of me,
 I wonder, will the lords of Isthmus say,
 So sweet beginning of a roundelay

Who make to suit
 Women of questionable character?
 Nay, we have learned with touchstone pure to prove
 The qualities of gold *

* * * *

Then come, O queen of Kyprus, to thine house ;
 For Xenophon has hither led
 To this thy grove a hundred head
 Of wild girls in his joy at granted vows.

11.

'T is meet, my soul, of love to pluck the fruits,
 Whilst prime of manhood suits ;
 But whoso looks upon the sparkling rays
 Of young Throxenus's eyes,
 And tosses not on billows of desire ;
 O'er a cold fire
 His gloomy heart of adamant was wrought,
 Or iron : or by some quick glance awry
 Of Aphrodite's eye
 He has been scorned, and spends laborious days
 For riches, or in soul he tries

With woman's courage still his road to keep
 Albeit steep.

But I, like wax of honey-bees, am brought

To dwining as one stung, when face to face
 I look upon

The smooth fresh limbs of budding youth.

And now in sooth

In Tenedos Persuasiveness and Grace

Dwell in Agesilas's son.

III.

O Thrasyboulus, friend,
 This vehicle of dulcet songs I send
 For supper's end.
 And may they welcome be
 To them that quaff with thee
 The fruit of Dionysus' husbandry,
 And motive of Athenian revelry

6. Of a Hymn to the Sun in Eclipse.

BEAM of the Sun that see'st all things that are,
 Thou parent of the quickness of mine eyes,
 Supremest star,
 Wherefore withdrawn by day
 Hast thou man's soaring powers helpless made,
 And barred the travel of the wise?
 For hurrying along the way
 Of darkness, thou
 Art driving some new course untried before.
 Nay but by Zeus I thee implore,
 Turn now thy steeds divine,
 And this the universal prodigy,
 To unalloyed prosperity
 For Thebes. But if thou bringest us a sign
 Of some fresh war, or crops in ruin laid,
 Or an excessive fall of snow,
 Or fatal civil war,

Or ocean's overflow
O'er the dry land, or fields in ice-grip bound,
Or summer of south winds juicy with rain
 Tempestuous ; or if thou now
 Wilt drown the earth, and make again
A brand-new race of men to till the ground ;
 Then with the wailing train
I too will suffer, but will not complain.

7. Of Sundry Odes.

I.

SHALL we Ismenus praise,
 Or golden-spindled Melia,
 Or Kadmus, or the holy brood
 Born of the Sown, or Thebe's purple snood,
 Or Herakles' unflinching might,
 Or Dionysus' mirth-begetting rite,
 Or bridal of whitearmed Harmonia ?

* * * *

In the primeval days
 Was heavenly Themis sage as fair
 With steeds of gold from Ocean's bed
 By the three Fates to th' holy ladder led,
 'Mid bright Olympus' paths to be
 Preserving Zeus's first-wed wife, and she
 The fruitful, true, gold-snooded Seasons bare.

II.

What hopest thou to find in wisdom's lore,
 Wherein one man a little may excel
 His fellow? It can never be
 That mind of mortal should explore
 The counsels of the gods on high that dwell
 In immortality.
 And him a mortal mother bore.

III.

To them that try it not
 War is a pleasant thing, but one, whose lot
 Has been to try it, shudders when he sees
 Approaching enemies.

IV.

When god makes plain
 The start for each event, the path is straight
 The palm of worthiness to gain,
 And better endings on performance wait.

v.

If ever citizen
 Guide his community
 To rest and quietness,
 Then let him seek the beaming light to find
 Of self-sufficing unobtrusiveness ;
 Revengeful faction ousting from his mind ;
 Whose gifts are penury,
 Who ever proves a cruel nurse to men.

vi.

'T is possible to God from darkest night
 To bid arise the undefiled day
 Of sunshine ; or when noon is full and bright
 Its sheen in murk of clouds to hide away.

vii.

O Truth, great queen, thou fount and origin
 Of virtue's might,
 Snare not, I pray, my plighted promise in
 The liar's evil plight.

VIII.

When from the breasts of men
Anxiety with all her toil departs ;
 And on a sea
Of over-golden riches we
 Swim all alike
For a deceitful shore.
He that was poor before has plenty then,
And rich men multiply their store ;
 While home upon their hearts
Shafts from the bow of Dionysus strike.

IX.

The horse is best for driving,
 The ox befits the plough,
The dolphin quickly diving
 Goes by the galley's prow ;
But if thou wouldst behind thee
 Bear homeward, safe and sound,
The slain wild boar, then find thee
 The brave, enduring, hound.

X.

One glories in the honours of the course,
 The crowns that wreathe the whirlwind-footed horse ;
 Some love a life that's led
 In gilded bed ;
 And some in safety where the salt seas toss
 Delight in galley swift the brine to cross.

XI.

Stirred from his rest he roamed o'er land and sea,
 On mighty mountain out-looks rested he,
 And searched the forest-nooks and clefts in misery.

XII.

What must I do to be
 Thy friend, O mighty Thunderer, dread son
 Of Kronos, what to make me one
 Of those the Muses reckon dear,
 The constant favourite of kindly cheer?
 This, only this, I ask of thee.

XIII.

Then forth from all the flocks there bubbled out,
Like purest water from the fountain-head,
Fresh milk ; and they to fill their pitchers sped,
And ne'er a leathern jug nor pot of stone
In all the dwellings thereabout
Kept holiday ;
But bowls of wood, and jars of clay
Were filled to brimming every one.

XIV.

Show not to strangers whatso harm betide
Us ; this to thee I say.
If fair success and pleasant cheer
Be thine, in public straight appear,
That all the folk thy luck may hear.
But if God send misfortune in thy way,
'T is best a man should this in darkness hide.

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